

ABOUT THIS COLLECTION

This collection of bawdy ballads, limericks and US Air Force songs was compiled in the 1950's by my late father, Lt. Col. William John Starr, USAF. He probably started compiling the material during his first tour flying the F-86 Sabre jet out of Kimpo Air Base, "K-14" Korea in 1953-54. At the time of the book's unofficial completion, around 1957-58, dad was flying the North American F-100 Super Sabre at Cannon Air Force Base in New Mexico.

This booklet is about as original as you can get; the pages are actual photocopies of the mimeographed folio dad kept. If there is a hand-typed original version somewhere (non-mimeographed), it is probably in my brother's possession and reflects the exact contents of this book. I do not know what the fighter pilots hymnbook original cover looked like. I suspect it might have been the attached page containing the "Pilot's Toast" centered on the page. This un-numbered page was found with the original collection.

Around 1958 or 1959 my father sent this collection of songs to folk singer Oscar Brand. Inspired, Brand transformed the compilation into two albums "The Wild Blue Yonder: Songs of our Fighting Air Force" and "Out of the Blue: More Air Force Songs". Dad's original ballad "In Flight Refueling" was recorded on the second album. Brand credited my father on both albums. Below is an interesting account from Brand's book "The Ballad Mongers".

"In my book "Singing Holidays, I pompously stated, "The Air Force is our youngest service branch. Some popular songs have been written which might do very well as theme songs, but we've decided to volunteer the following as our contribution to the songbag of the Air Force." "The following" was a mild little creation parodying the old Army song, "The Sergeant." As far as I was concerned that was as far as Air Force folksong had Progressed. On January 12, 1959, Captain William Smart (*sic*), jet pilot Veteran of WW II and the Korean War, sent me a privately collected and mimeographed folio of 256 traditional Air Force songs. Many of the songs had been created during World War I and refurbished in the years the followed..."

I can only assume that Mr. Brand or his editor accidentally misspelled my father's name (the rank was correct for that time period in dad's career), and that the WW II reference was another glaring typo; Dad didn't fly in WWII.

As indicated by a date stamp on Brand's "The Wild Blue Yonder" and "Out of the Blue" studio master tapes (which, as of the mid 1990's, were then archived in Atlantic Records company vault), the first album, "The Wild Blue Yonder" was recorded around April 7, 1959.

Which song was my dad's favorite? I don't know. But my mother says he was very fond of belching out "Sally" (page 4) and when he got to the part about "BAM BAM BAM!" he'd slap his knee three times and roar with laughter. Myself, I've never settled on a favorite, but the Brand versions of "I Wanted Wings", "Give Me Operations" and "The Prettiest Ship" are top contenders.

John T. Starr
November 16, 2005
www.FabulousRocketeers.com

THE FIGHTER PILOT'S HYMN BOOK

Compiled by 1st Lt. William John Starr, USAF, circa 1957 - 58

~~PILOT'S~~ PILOT'S TOAST

Here's to me in my sober mood
When I ramble sit and think
Here's to me in my drunken mood
When I gamble sin and drink

But when at last it's over
And from this world I pass
I hope they bury me upside down
So the whole world can kiss my ass

"WARNING"

This is a word of warning- a warning to those readers whose tender sensibilities may, or more accurately will, be offended by the language of these ballads. But it is no apology to them. For these are songs that are sung by flying officers and men throughout the English speaking world. They reflect the manners of men at war, the morals of pilots who drink to forget for an evening the combat mission they must fly at dawn. Many of these lyrics were adapted to the Korean "situation" after becoming popular among the same warriors during World War II, and at least one or two were sung around the campfires on the eve of Gettysburg.

It follows, therefore, that they are not the product of a particular degenerate generation. They are instead, as they always have been, an integral part of military life in the field, no more and no less so than a cold tent, bathing in a helmet, dehydrated potatoes and dysentery.

You must accept or ignore them as we accept or ignore the conditions that inspired their authors to write them and us to sing them.

(From "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," 18th Ftr-Bmbr wg)
(From "Songbook, 357th FIS Nouasseur, Maroc")
(From "Songbook, 42nd FIS")
(From "Songbook, 431st FIS")
(From "Other Sources")

THE FIGHTER PILOTS HYMN BOOK was compiled by,

1/Lt Wm. J. Starr

edited and produced for the 79th Ftr Group by,

Capt. Wm. C. Gatschet

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FIGHTERS PILOTS TOAST

Here's to me in my sober mood
when I ramble sit and think
Here's to me in my drunken mood
when I gamble, sin and drink

But when at last it's over
and from this world I pass
I hope they bury me upside down
so the whole world can kiss my ass

SAMMY SMALL

Oh my name is Sammy Small fuck em all
Oh my name is Sammy Small fuck em all
Oh my name is Sammy Small and I've only got one ball
But it 's better than none at all - fuck em all.

They say I've killed a man fuck em all
they say I've killed a man fuck em all
I hit him in the head with a fucking piece of lead
now the silly fuckers dead - fuck em all

They say I've got to swing fuck em all
they say I've got to swing fuck em all
They say I've got to swing from a fucking piece of string
What a silly fucking thing - fuck em all

The parson he will come fuck em all
the parson he will come fuck em all
The parson he will come with his tales of kingdom come
he can shove em up his bung - fuck em all

The sherrif will be there too fuck em all
the sherrif will be there too fuck em all
The sherrif will be there too with his silly fucking crew
they have fuck all else to do - fuck em all

I saw molly in the crowd fuck em all
i saw molly in the crowd fuck em all
I saw molly in the crowd and i felt so fucking proud
that I shouted right out loud - Fuck Em All

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary ann Burns was the queen of all the acrobats
She could do the tricks that would give a cat the shits
Roll green peas from her fundamental orifice
Do a double flip and catch them on her tits
A great big son-of-a-bitch twice as big as me
Hair around her ass like the branches on a tree
She can swim fish fight fuck
roll a barrel drive a truck
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

ADELINE SCHMIDT

There was a young maiden named Adeline Schmidt
She went to the doctor cause she couldn't shit
He gave her some m&edicine wrapped up in glass
Up went the window and out went her ass.

Chorus:

It was brown, brown shit falling down
Brown brown shit all around
it was brown brown shit falling down
MyGod how that poor girl could shit

A handsome young copper was walking his beat
He happended to be on that side of the street
He looked up so bashful he llied up so shy
When a piece of brown shit hit him right in the eye.

Chorus

This handsome young copper he cussed and he swore
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore
And on Brooklyn bridge you can st&ill see him sit
With a sign round his neck saying, "Blinded by shit"

Chorus

Styles (Tune Smiles)

There are styles that show the ankle
There are styles that show the knee
There are styles that have the boys all wondering
Just what the girls are gonna let us see

There are styles that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of m&en alone can see
But the style that Eve wore in the garden
Is the style that appeals to me.

OH RIP THE FEATHERS AWAY

Oh rip the feathers away away
Oh rip the feathers away
Oh the ass of a duck
makes a wonderful fuck
If you rip the feathers away

O'REILLEY'S DAUGHTER

As I was sitting at O'Reilleys bar
Listening to tales of blood and slaughter
Came a thought into my mind
Why no shag O'Reilleys daughter

Chorus
Fiddley-I*E Fiddley*I*O
Fiddley*I*E for the one ball Reilly
Rubby dub dub jig balls and all
Ruddy dub dub shag on

I grabbed that she bitch by the hair
Then I threw my left leg over
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more
Shagged and shagged til the fun was over

Chorus

There came a knock upon my door
Who could it be but her God-Dam father
Two horse pistols by his side
Looking for the man who shagged his daughter

Chorus

I grabbed that bastard by the hair
shoved his head in a pail of water
Shoved those pistols up his ass
A damm sight farther than I shagged his daughter

Chorus

Now as I go walking down the street
People shout from every corner
There goes the dirty son of a bitch
The one who shagged O'Reilleys daughter

Stay with OD (Dashing thru the sno)

The game was played on Sunday in Heavens own back yard
With Jesus playing quarterback and Moses playing guard
The angels in the bleachers my god how they did yell
When Jesus made a touchdown against the boys from hell

Chorus (Tune Oh, them golden slippers)

Stay with god, oh lordy, stay with god, oh lordy
Jesus on the one yard line, moses doin very fine
Stay with god, oh lordy, stay with god, oh lordy
Hoke em, soke em, Jesus poke em, stay with god

NELLY DARLING (Tune Nelly Darling)

Oh your ass is like a stovepipe Nelly darling
And the nipples on your tits are turning green
There's an odor of blue ointment round your pussy
You are the ugliest bitch that I have ever seen

There's a yard of lip protruding from your navel
and when you piss you piss a stream as green as grass
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle
So kindly make one dear and shove it up your ass

SALLY

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man
Wind from her bloomers broke six winders
Cheeks of her ass went BAM BAM BAM

THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

An airman told me before he died
and I don't think that the bastard lied
That he had a wife with a cunt so wide
that she could never be satisfied

So he invented a prick of steel
Driven by a bloody great wheel
Two brass balls all filled with cream
And the who fucking issue was driven by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel
in and out went the prick of steel
until at last the maiden cried
Enough Enough, I'm satisfied

But now we come to the bitter bit
There was no was- of stopping it
She was spit from her ass to her tit
and the whole fucking issue was covered with shit

A Babbling Br ok

A babbling brook, a shady nook, a girl all dressed in yellow
Two snow white tits, two ruby lips, oh you lucky fellow
Between the hours of two and four when he began to linger
She said, Young man if you are through I'll finish with my finger
So he got up and took a piss, and she got up and farted
He wiped his jock upon her sock, and that is how they parted
Nine days went by, he heaved a sigh a sigh of pain and sorrow
the pimples pink were on his dink but there'll be more tomorrow
Nine months went by and she heaved a sigh a sigh of pain & sorrow
two little mutts were in her guts but they'll be out tomorrow

IVAN SKAVINSKI SKAVAR

Oh the harems of egypt are fair to behold
and the maidens the fairest of fair
The fairest a greek, was owned by a shiek
One abdul abbulbal amer

A traveling brother was brought into town
By a Russian who came from afar
And a challenge went wide, as to who could outride
Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar

Now abdul rode by with his hand on his fly
And his balls hanging low with desire
And he wagered a million that he could outride
Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar

So this spectacle great was all set for a date
Twas to be referreed by the Czar
And the streets were all lined to see harlots entwined
With Abdul and Ivan Skavar

They met at the track with their tools hanging slack
And the starters gun punctured the air
They were quick on the rise, people gasped at the sight
of Ivan Skavinski Skavar

The cunts were all shorn and no rubbers were worn
And abdul revved up like a car
But he hadn't a hope against the long greasy stroke
Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar

Now when Ivan had won and was cleaning his gun
He bent down to pick up his pair
When something red hot, up his rear track was shot
And Abdul the bastard was there

Then the harlots all screamed and the people yelled queen
They were ordered apart by the Czar
But so fast were they stuck, it was fucking bad luck
For Abdul and Ivan Skavar

The cream of the joke was when at last they were broke
It was laughed at for year by the Czar
For Abdul the fool, had left half of his tool
In Ivan Skavinski Skavar

I love my girl

I love my girl yes I do deed I do
I love her truly
I love the hole that she pisses through
I love her tits tiddly tits tiddly tits
And her nut brown ass hole
I'd eat her shit gobble gobble slurp slurp
with a wooden spoon

NO BALLS AT ALL

There once was a girl named Sara McFox
With hair on her chest and cheese in her box
She married a man named Patrick McCall
With a very short peter and no balls at all

Chorus:
No balls at all
No balls at all
A very short peter and no balls at all

Ther first night that they were wed
They took of their clothes and went straight to bed
She reached for his pecker, it was very small
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

Now maothor dear maothor oh what shall I do?
I've married a man who never can screw
I reached for his pecker, it was very small
I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

Oh daughter dear daughter don't be sad
It was the same trouble I had with your dad
There's many a man who will come to the call
Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all

The dauther went home, took her mothers advice
And found the results most exceedingly nice
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all

PARTIES BANQUETS AND BALLS (Tune- Take me out to the ballgame)

Parties banquets and balls boys
Parties banquets and balls
As president Truman has said before
There's only one way to stay out of a war
That's with parties banquets and balls boys
Parties banquets and balls
We'll have parties and banquets and
Banquets and parties
And Balls, Balls, Balls

PLEASE DON'T BURN THE SHITHOUSE DOWN

Please don't burn the shithouse down
Mother has promised to pay
Mother is drunk, father's in jail
Sister's in a family way
Brother dear is mighty queer
Times are fucking hard
So please don't burn the shithouse down
Or we'll all have to shit in the yard

COLD WINTER'S EVENING

'Twas a cold winter's evening, the quests were all leaving
O'Leary was losing the bar, When he turned and he said to the lady in red,
Get out! You can't stay where you are
She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer, As she thought of the cold night
ahead.

Then a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper,
And these are the words that he said:
Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know
About the ways of fly, fly boys and how they come and go.
She's lost her youth and beauty, and life has left its sad scar
So remember your mothers and sisters boys and let her sleep under the bar

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Darling let me fix your garter
Just an inch above your knee
And if I should wander farther
Please don't blame it all on me.

The hair around you puss's turning silver
The hair around my cock is turning gold
So let's put our two things together
Silver threads among the gold

So she let me fix her garter
Just an inch above her knee
And my hand did wander farther
And she pissed all over me

OH THEY SAY THAT THIS KIMPO'S A WONDERFUL PLACE

Oh they say that this Kimpo's a wonderful place
But the organizations a fucking disgrace
There's Captains and Major's and light Colonels too
With their hands in their pockets and fuck all to do
They stand on the ramp and they rave and they shout
They shout about things they know fuck all about
And for all of their good they might just as well be
A shoveling shit on the Isle of Capri

HAVE YOU TRIED YESSUP?

Have you tried Yessup
The best breakfast in the land
Have you tried Yessup
The best breakfast food in the land
Delicious, nutritious, the whole day through
Jack Hard-On never tires of it, and neither will you
Oh have you tried Yessup,
The best breakfast food in the land

Yessup-Spelled backwards is Pussy
Spelled sideways is Slur-Slurp

SIX POUNDS OF BOOBIES

(Tune, These are the things I
Love)

Six pounds of boobies in a loose brassier
An old used condom in a glass of beer
A twot that twitches like a mooses ear
these are the things I love

A dirty Whore strolling down the street
A bloody Kotex in the rumbleseat
I love my poontang but I beat my meat
These are the things I love

KIMPO BLUES

(Tune, A little bit of heaven fell)

Oh a little bit of shit fell down
Out of the sky one day
And it landed in the Chosen
Oh so very far away
And when the Senate saw it
It looked s fucking bare
They said that's what we're looking for
We'll send our Air Force there

So they sent their '86's
Air Base Group and midics too
And they sent the dreaded 336th
They knew just what to do
And now you'll find the languished
In a place that's so remote
That all you'll hear those bastards shout, so
Where are these fucking boats

Chorus

I've got those Kimpo Blues
Kimchi Blues
I'M fed up
And I'm fucked up
And I'm blue

We tried to please Old Sygman
But it really was a farce
The only thing twas left to do
Was shove it up his arse

(Chorus)

Oh we found our Alma Mater
In ahouse in Yong Dong Po
The brass got there before us
They showed us where to go

MAKE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38, the props they conter-rotate
They've scattered and amitten from Burma to Britain
Don't give me a P-38

Chorus:
Just give operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to grow old

Don't give me a P-39
The engine is moupited behind
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in
Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a peter four oh, a hell of an airplane I know
A ground loopin bastard, you're sure to get plastered
Don't give me a peter four oh

Don't gibe me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the hun
But with cooland tank dry, you'll run out of sky
Don't give me a P-51

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying is no fun
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark
Don't give me a P-61

Don't give me an F-84, She's just a ground living whore
She'll whine moan and wheeze and she'll cldbber the reees
Don't give me and F-84

Don't give me an old thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a joit
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug
Don't give me an old thunderboit

Don't give me a jet shooting star, it'll go, but not very far
It'll rumble and spaut, but soon will flame out
Don't give me a jet shooting star

Don't give me an F-86, with wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86

Don't give me an F-89, Tho TIME says they'll really climb
They're all in the states, all boxed up in crates
Don't give me an F-89

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score
It may fly in weather, but won't hold together
Don't give me an F-94

Don't give me an 86-D, with rockets radar and A/B
She's fast I don't care, she blows up in mid-air
Don't give me an 86-D

MAKE ME OPERATIONS (Cond't)

Don't give me a C-45, so slow it stalls out in a dive
A ground loop built in it, and bird colonels in it
Don't give me a C-45

Don't give me a C-54, six inches of rugs on the floor
And We'll go fat-cat'n, from here to Manhattan
Don't give me a C-54

Don't give me a B-45, the pilots don't get back alive
The Mig 15's chase em, they soon will erase em
Don't give me a B-45

Don't give me a one-double-0, The bastard is ready to blow
The A/B is there, but you're saying a prayer
Don't give me a one-double-0

Don't give me an F-102, it never goes up when it's blue
An all weather coffin, that flames out so often
Don't give me an F-102

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK
(Tune- Strip Polka)

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar
You can see the old goat standing, beside his office door
He'll be sweating out the takeoff, as he's often done before
The man behind the armor plated door

Four times he's led us up there, and he always led up back
For he circled o'er the I.P., as we went in to attack
He said I'm hard yet fair boys, but allergic to ack ack
The man behind the armor plated desk

And when the targets sighted, who inspires the attack
Who says hundreds may go in lads, but a few aren't coming back
Who says We'll disregard the minimum, when you suppress the flak
The man behind the armor plated desk

And when the mission's over, and briefing they should be
You can search the whole field over, but not a pilot will you see
For they'll all be at the O Club, with a mixed drink in their hand
Singing the Man Behind the Armor Plated Desk

SONG OF R AND R
(Tune- Moonlight on the Wabash)

When the ice is on the rice in old Ohitose
And the Saki is the cellar starts to freeze
I don't want to see my wife in San Francisco
I just want to see my little Nipponese

KOTEX SONG

(Tune, Caissons go Rolling Along)

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling will,
When the end of the month rolls around
How she turns, how she squirms, how she gets a case of worms,

When the end of the month rolls around.
For it's hi, hi, hee, in the Kotex industry,
Call out your sizes loud and strong
Super! Junior!-----Band-aid
For where are you go
The blood will always flow,
When the end of the month rolls around,
Keep 'em bleedin' when the end of the month rolls around.

THE TINKER

The lady of the mansion, was dressing for a ball when she expied a
tinker, pissing up against the wall.

CHORUS:

With his great big kidney wiper and balls as big as three and a yard and a
half of foreskin hanging down below his knee.

The lady wrote a letter and in it she did say,
I'd rather be fucked by the tinker than my husband any day.

Oh the tinker got the letter and when it he did read,
His balls slung o'er his shoulder and his penis by his side.

Oh, he rode up to the mansion he rode up to the hall
Gor' Blyme? said the butler he has come to fuck us all

Oh, he fucked them in the parlor he fucked them on the beds,
Lord save us? Cried the chambermaids, We've lost our maidenheads

Oh, he fucked the Duchess standing he fucked her against the wall,
But when he fucked the butler twas the dirtiest trick of all.

Oh, he rode out form the mansion he rode into the street
With little drops of semen pattering at his feet

Oh, the tinkers dead and buried I'll bet he's gone to hell
He said he'd fuck the devil and I'll bet he's done it well

UNCLE JOHN & AUNTIE MABEL (Tune- Hark the Herald Angels Sing)

Uncle John & Auntie Mabel, fainted at the breakfast table,
This should be suffienient warning, never do it in the morning

Ovalteen has set them right, now they do it every night,
Uncle John is hoping soon, to do it in the afterncon. A---men

PARTIES

Oh, parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
So, let's have a party

We're never to busy to say hello
We're never to busy to say hello
We're never to busy to say hello
HELLO - HELLO - HELLO

BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day
Beside his shatter Sabrejet, a young pursuiter lay
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words this young pursuiter said

I'm going to a better land where everything is bright
Where whiskey flows from Telephone poles
Play poker every night
We havn't got a thing to do but sit around and sing
And all our crews are women, oh death where is thy sting

Oh death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling
Oh death where is thy sting
The bells of Hell will ring, ting-a-ling
For you but not for me
Oh, ting-a-ling-a-ling, blow it out your ass
Ting-a-ling-a-ling ling, blow it out your ass
Ting-a-ling-a-ling ling, blow it out your ass
Better days are coming bye and bye

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT (Tune- Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory)

By the ring around his eyeball
You can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot
by the spread around his rear
You can tell a navigator
By his sextants, maps, and such
You can tell a fighter jockey
BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH

FATHERS GRAVE
(Tune- Piccadilly Underground)

Oh they're digging up fathers grave to build a sewer
And they're going at the job at no expense
They're disturbing his remains, to make way for outhouse drains
To satisfy some brand new resident, Gor Blimey
Now father in his day was never a quitter
And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now
He'll dress up in white sheets, and haunt those outhouse seats
And no one there will sit but he allowes, Gor Blimey
Now won't there be some bloody constipation
And won't those bloody bastards rant and rave
Which is more than they deserve, for having the bloody nerve
To bugger about with a British workmans grave

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES (THE WALL)
(Tune- Bless them all)

Bless them all, bless them all
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet
Cause he tried to go over the wall
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all
The needles did cross, and the wings did come off
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all

Through the wall, through the wall
Through the bloody invisible wall
That transsonic journey is nothing but rough
As bad as a ride on the local base bus
So I'm staying away from the wall
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it
But you'll probably break it
Your butt or your neck, not the wall

KOREA
(Tune- I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover)

I'm looking over a well fought over
Korea that I abhor
One for the money
And two for the show
Ridgeway said stay
But we want to go.
There's no use explaining
Why we're remaining
We got what we were fighting for
KOREA, KOREA, and diarrhea
To make the rice grow some more

THE AIR FORCE LAMENT
(Tune— The Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death, who lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded, and those days are long gone by
The Air Force's gone to hell

Chorus:

Glory flying regulations, have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks them, the Air Forces gone to hell

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion set to right the deadly wrong
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song
The Air Force's gone to hell

I have seen them in their T-bolts, when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screaming power dives, that blasted Goering's name
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame
Their spirit's shot to hell

Once they flew B-26's through a living hell of flak
And bloody dying pilots, gave their lives to bring them back
But now they **all play ping pong in the operations shack**
Their technique's gone to hell

The lordly flying fortress and the liberator too
Once wrote the doom of Germany, with contrails in the blue
But now the skies are empty, and our planes are wet with dew
And we can't fly for hell

You have heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel
But now the L-5 charms you with its moanin groanin squeal
And it won't climb for hell

Have you ever climbed a lightening up to where the air is thin
Have you stuck her long nose downward, just to hear the screaming din
Have you tried to do it lately, better not you'll anger in
And then you'll sure to catch hell

I have seen them in their Sabre's, when their eyes were dancing flame
I have seen their screaming power dives that blasted Stalin's name
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame
Their spirit's shot to hell

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The Air Force's gone to hell

We were cocky bold and happy when we played the angel's game
We split the blue with buzzing, and we rolled our way to fame
But now that's all verboten and we're all so goddamn tame
Our spirit's shot to hell

(Cond't)

THE AIR FORCE LAMENT (COND'T)

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that
Or you will burn in hell

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old
When pilots took their choice of being old or young and bold
Alas I have no choice and I will live to be quite old
The Air Force's gone to hell

But smile awhile my pilots tho your eyes may still be wet
Someday we'll be in heaven where the rules have not been set
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let-
The Air Force fly like hell

Chorus: #2

Glory no more regulations, rip them down at every station
Ground the guy that tries to make one, and let us fly like hell

WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER
(Tune- Silver threads among the gold)

When your leaves have turned to silver
will you love us just the same
Oh, we'll always call you _____
Isn't it a bloody shame

To the days at Itazuke
And the parties that we knew
When your leaves have turned to silver
You can stick them up your flue

FLAK SHOWERS
(Tune- April Showers)

Although Flak showers, may come your way
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say
My fuel is Josephine, I'm going home
So if you want to stay and fight, you may
Stay and fight alone
I've added throttle, I'm on my way
I'll live to come back some other day
So keep on strafing that position
And knock it out for me
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see

AIR FORCE 801
(Tune- Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin roar
I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream, and hear old Merlin moan
~~I'll wait a bit and say a prayer,~~ and hope it gets me home

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1
You'd better get the crash crew, and get them on the run

Air Force 801 this is Itazuke tower
I cannot call the crash crew, this is their coffee hour
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see
So take it on around again, we have some VIP's

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the final, and running on one lung
I'm gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say
I've gotta get my charts fixed up, before that judgement day

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see you biscuit gun
My engine's runnin ragged, and the coolant's gonna blow
I'm gonna orang a Mustang, so lock out down below

Air Force 801, this is judgement day
You're in pilots heaven, and you are here to stay
You just bought a Mustang, and you bought it well
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to hell

PILOTS LAMENT
(Tune- If I Had the Wings Of an Angel)

Now listen all you pilots and you airmen
We will tell you a story sad but true
Of many who wear wings but are not happy
Gather round while we sing this song to you

The many who wear wings but are not happy
Wear a smile on their lips, not in their hearts
They're overjoyed to wear the badge of an airman
But are sad in getting off to such bad starts

A reason there must be for discontentment
Why the gloom as dark as any blacked out loop
Just ask them one and all and they will tell you
I'm not a member of the 312th Fighter Group

PILOTS WOE

From the runways down at Youngstown
To Geneva on the lake
To the dear old Airway Inn, we love so well
You will hear the folks all say
No matter where you go
It's the 86th that always leads the way

We're poor JET PILOTS
Without any pay
AHHHHHHHHHH #\$%&*\$\$

We're all been grounded because it's too hot
We're doomed to set here till eternity
Oh Lord just give me a bird thats got A/B

AIR FORCE HYMN

From the Biltmore in Los Angeles
To the motels in Berdoo
If the Navy asks a lady
She will say to hell with you

If the Army or the Navy
Ever gaze on heavens shores
They will find the Angels shacking up
With the U.S. AIR FORCE.....

TO WOMAN

Here's to woman, the human vine
Buds each month, and blooms in nine
The only thing this side of hell
That can empty the nut without cracking the shell

Here's to that moment of sweet repose
When it's belly to belly and toes to toes
And after that moment of sweet delight
It's ass to ass for the rest of the night.....

BARNACLE BILL THE PILOT
(Tune- Barnacle Bill the Sailor)

The Air Corps is the life for me, said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor
I'll jump my ship and leave the sea and be an aviator
I'll fly so high I'll reach the sky, gravitation I'll defy
I'll make the people moan and cry, said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor

Pretty soon You'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden

I'm rough and tough, I know my stuff, said Bill, the Aviator
I'll fly this ship till I've had enough, said Bill, the Aviator
I know a strut, I know a fin, I know a barrel roll and a spin
I know a prop, I know a knick, and I know an elevator

You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden
You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden

I'm a cockeyed Finn if I'll give in, roared Bill the Aviator
I'll fight this ship with a flyers grin, roared Bill, the Aviator
He kicked the bar and pulled the stick, which didn't seem to do the trick
And he hit the ground like a ton of brick, poor Barnacle Bill, The Sailor

Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden
Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden

ITAZUKE ORT
(Tune- When you were a tulip)

When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang
In the Itazuke ORT
Other pilots went to briefing
We stayed in the sack a'sleeping
Hotter stones you'll never see
We were hotter than tabasco, when group pulled each fiasco
We excelled in proficiency
When you flew a mustang, and I flew a Mustang
In the Itazuke ORT

MEET ME IN KYOTO
(Tune- Meet Me in St. Louis)

Meet me in Kyoto, Mato
Meet me at the shrine
Take your shoes off when you enter
Or you'll pay a fine
We will have some sukiyaki
Then we'll have a cup of saki
If you'll meet me in Kyoto, Mato
Meet me at the shrine

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come on and join the Air Force, we're a happy band they say
We never do a lick of work, just fly around all day
While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind
We'll take to the air without a care, and you will never mind

Chorus:

You'll never mind, you'll never mind
Oh, come and join the Air Force
And You will never mind

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flyer
But just when you're about to be a general you'll find
The engine cough, the wings fall off, and you will never mind

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine spit
You see your prop come to a stop, The god damn engine's quit
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind

I fly up to the Yalu, in my F-86
And here's one thing that you can sent to Congress in your TWX
I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits
It will be up there all by itself, cause I will shit and git

Oh, someday you'll meet a Mig-15, He'll shoot you down in flames
No use in belly aching and calling the bastard names
You'll lose your wings, don't worry mac, another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet, and you will never mind

Oh, We're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a damn
About the groundling's point of view and all that sort of ham
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind

Now we're the operations bunch, and we don't give a damn
About those paper shufflin tyoes, with heads just like a ham
We want a hundred planes or so, all ready on the line
And they can pad those swivel chairs, and we will never mind

Oh, come and get your brassy rank as high as you desire
You're riding on a navy train, when you're in the Admin' mire
The ones and fours have room for more, or so they always find
With noses in place, we don't mean on the face, you will never mind

TITANIC

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, and when they had it through
They thought they had a ship, that the water would never come through
But the lord almighty's hand, said the ship would never land
It was sad when that great ship went down

Chorus:

Oh it was sad, Oh it was sad
It was sad when that great ship went down
To the bottom of the-----
Husbands and wives, little bittie children lost their lives
It was sad when that great ship went down

T'was on a tuesday morn, they were nearing Englands shore
And the rich refused to associate with the poor
So they put the poor below where they were the first to go
It was sad when that great ship went down

They were nearing Englands shore and were heading for the deck
When the old ship Titanic began to reel and rock
Oh the captain tried to wire both the wire was on fire
It was sad when that great ship went down

Then the ship began to list, and the lights began to flicker
And a drunk cried out, my God where is my likker
So they brought out the bottle and they passed it all around
It was sad when that great ship went down

They swung the lifeboats out, o'er the dark and stormy sea
And the band struck up with Nearer My God to Thee
Little children wept and cried as the waves swept o'er the side
It was sad when that great ship went down

THE LITTLE GREY RAT

Oh the pale moon shone on the bar-room floor
The bar was closed for the night
Then out of his hole came the little grey rat
He lapped up the liquor on the bar-room floor
And back on his haunches he sat
And all night long you could hear him call
Bring on your goddamn cat

OFF WE GO

(Tune- USAF Song)

Back we come, off of a one hour test hop
From over the land and over the sea
For this feat we get a raise in rank
Ten days leave, and a DFC
Heroes all, as you can judge by medals
Got a lot, and we'll get some more
We're out to conquer, and we will
For nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

NAPALM
(Tunje- Titanic)

It was up by Sabori where the Yalu meets the sea
I was out on a recce to see what I could see
When I spied a farmer man with his pitchfork in his hand
It was sad when my napalm went down

Chorus: It was sad, oh it was sad
It was sad when my napalm went down (hit the farmer)
There were husbands and wives
Itty bitty children lost their lives
It was sad when my napalm went down

It was up by Kuniri where I won my DFC
I was out on a recce to see what I could see
When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go
It was sad when those rockets went down

Chorus: It was sad, oh it was sad
It was sad when those rockets went down (hit the steeple)
All the people ran like hell
When those rockets hit the bell
It was sad when those rockets went down

It was up by Sinanju where I knew that I was through
The 50's and the 40's had shot my turbine through
It was when I hit the silk, oh my God I strained my milk
It was sad when the pilot went down

Chorus: It was sad, oh it was sad
It was sad when that pilot went down (Hit the bottom)
There were husbands and wives
Itty bitty children lost their lives
It was sad when that pilot went down

CHICKEN SONG

We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay
e had some chickens, no eggs would they lay
My wife said, honey, it's striking me funny
We're losing money, no eggs would they lay
One day a rooster flew into the yard
And caught the poor chickens completely off guard

They're laying eggs now, Just like they used to
Ever since that rooster, flew into the yard
They're laying eggs now, just like they used to
ever since that rooster, flew into the yard

AND I LEARNED ABOUT FLYING FROM HIM
(Tune- I Learned about Women From Her)

I've handled the stick and the rudder
I've flown quite a lot in my time
I've had my share of instructors
And some of the bunch were fine
A bowlegged fellow from Princeton
And one that was trained at Cornell
And a fellow from Brooks, but they gave him the hooks
And the Phavetail that gave me hell

The fellow from Princeton was steady
He taught me to takeoff and land
He'd set her down on three points
And loop her to beat the band
But when I went up for a solo
The Jennie was steady and trim
Well, I landed that ship, but I busted my hip
And I learned about flying from him

The man for Cornell was a bad one
A son-of-a-gun I will say
The dirty tail-spin he gave me
Will last for many a day
I donated a lunch to the cockpit
But he dived and he spun her again
He gave me a howl when I ducked for the cowl
And I learned about flying from him

The fellow from Brooks used the Gosport
And he talked through a long rubber tube
All that I heard was he swearing
He spotted me for a boob
I'll never forget one bad tailspin
He yelled, kick the rudder you simps
But I didn't kick, I just wiggled the stick
And I learned about flying from him

At last I came to formation
And took a fast ship from the line
I made the first turn a humming
And brought her back upright just fine
I sped up the ship without thinking
And hit number two in the wing
And—When I got well, the CO gave me hell
And I learned about flying from him

I've handled the stick and the rudder
I've flown quite a lot in my time
I've had my share of instructors
And some of the bunch were fine
But take some straight dope from a flyer
And go with the navy to sea
For the ships they have there can land anywhere
And learn about flying from me.

WRECK OF OLD '97

There were 97 airplanes warming up on the apron
Not enough room you could see
Now the first ninety-six were of recent construction
But the last on was a Fifty-one D

She was old '97 and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
And she creaked and groaned when they started her engine
For she knew that her time was near

A Second Lieutenant wandered into operations
And he asked for a ship or two
And they said, "Young man, we are very short of airplanes
But we'll see what we can do.

"Now the first forty-seven are reserved for Majors
And the Captains have the next forty-nine
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron
The last ship upon the line.

He was headed for Wonsu and from there to Chinhae
And he had to make that flight
So he said, "O.K., if you give me a clearance
I will get there sometime tonight.

Oh, he flew over Taegon and the Taegu airstrip
And the ceiling began to fall
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains
And he couldn't see the ground at all

He flew through rain and he flew through a snowstorm
Till the light began to fail
When he found a railroad going in his direction
And he said, "I'll get there by rail."

He flew down a valley and he dodged through the mountains
And he kept that road insight
Till the rails disappeared through a hole in the mountains
And he ended his last long flight

There was old '97, with her nose in the mountain
And her wheels upon the track
And her throttle was bent in the forward position
But her engine was facing back

Now ladies please listen and heed my warning
From this time ever on
Never speak harsh words to your flyboy husband
He may leave you and never return.

SAFE HAND MAIL
(Tune- Wreck of the Old 97)

They gave him his orders at old Itazuke
Saying, "Bill, you're 'way behind time"
Take this safe hand mail in your way weary mustang
And put 'er in Nagoya on time

Bill turned and he said to his black, greasy, crew-chief
"Is my spam-can ready to roll?
Just head 'er down the runway and open up the throttle
And I'll call Camel Control."

There was one dark cloud between Bofu and Nagoya
But Bill was a gauge pilot bold
It was in this cloud that he spun all his gyros
And his Mustang did three snap rolls

He came roarin' down the bottom doin' a million miles an hour
When the tip-tanks came off with a scream
They found him in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
Still flying the Tokyo beam

Fare-thee well, oh fare-thee well
Old Bill broke his mustang all to hell
There'll be no more suki-haki at good old Itazuke
Fare-thee well, oh fare-thee well

MOONSHINE
(Tune- You are my Sunshine)

You are my moonshine, my only moonshine
You guide my fighters, when skies are grey
I chase your bogies, from here to Moji
Just to find they have gone the other way

The other day boys, as I was flying
I heard moonshine controller say
"I've got a bogie down by Kurume
Won't you head your jet that-a-way?"

He said he had me in radar contact
And I believed him like a dope
I flew to Moji - and still no bogie
He had chased a fly across the scope

You were my moonshine, my only moonshine
How could you let me down this way
My chute was swingin' - they heard me singin'
Won't you take that moonshine away

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE
(Tune- My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

In peace time the regulars are happy
In peace times they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
and they'll call out the God Damn reserves

Chorus: Call out, call out
Call out the God Damn reserves, reserves
Call out, Call out
Oh, call out the God Damn reserves

Here's to the regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the God Damn reservist
Whenever the shit hits the fan

They call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The reservists they go to Korea
The regulars stay in Japan

Here's to the regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the God Damn reservist
Their ass would be dragging the floor

Chorus 2: Fight on, fight on
Fight on, regular Air Force
Fight on, fight on..
Fight on, fight on
Fight on regular Air Force
Fight on

SPRING TIME ON THE YALU
(Tune- When It's Spring Time in the Rockies)

When it's spring time on the Yalu and the Mig's come out to play
And the contrails run in circles, fighter pilots earn their pay
We'll hold our triggers steady when our sights are zeroed in
We'll hold our glasses ready when they pass out rum and gin

When it's spring time on the Yalu and the napalm is in bloom
And your 50's do the talking and it's just a Mig and you
Once again you'll hear me whisper that my fuel is running low
When it's spring time on the yalu then it's time for us to go

TO THE REGULARS
(Tune- Mr. and Mrs. Mississippi)

I won't forget korea
I can't forget Kunsan
For Syngman Rhee and Joe Stalin
Have made me fell at home
I flew across the bomblines
And got a hole or two
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you and you and you

Chorus: Oh I was called to risk my ass
and save the U.N. too
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you and you and you

The AA was terrific
The small arms were intense
While flyboys bombed the front lines
The division did the rest
While the regulars held their desk jobs
The reserves were called en masse
For the U.N. knew the air reserve
Was the one to save their ass

I love you dear old USA
With all my aching heart
If I hadn't joined the damn reserves
We'd never've had to part
But we won't cry and we won't squawk
For we are not alone
For one of these days the regular's 'll come
And we can all go home

Now we don't mind the hardships
We've faced them in the past
But we wonder if our congressmen
Have had forties up their ass
We have to fight to save the peace
That's what the bastards said
But when you check the casualties
you'll find no senators lead

I'm going to raise a family
When this war is through
I hope to have a bouncing boy
To tell my stories to
But someday when he grows up
If he joins the air reserve
I'll kick his ass from dawn to dusk
For that's what he'll deserve

CO PILOTS LAMENT
(Tune- The cowboys Lament)

I'm the co-pilot. . . I sit on the right
It's up to me to be quick and bright
I never talk back, for I'll have regrets
And I must remember what the captain forgets

I make out the flight plan and study the weather
Pull up the gear and stand by to feather
Make out the mail forms and do the reporting
And fly the old crate when the captain is snoring

I take the readings and adjust the power
Put on the heaters when we're in a shower
Tell where we are on the darkest night
And do all the book work without any light

I call for my captain and buy him cakes
I always laugh at his corny jokes
And once in a while when his landings are rusty
I come through with, "Gawd, but it's gusty."

All in all, I'm a general stooge
As I sit to the right of this man scrooge
But maybe some day with great understanding
He'll saften a bit and give me a landing

BOOZIN' BUDDIES

A fighter pilot lay dying
The medics had left him for dead
All around him women were crying
And these are the words that he said

Take the tailpipe of my stomach
Take the burner out of my brain
Take the turbine out of my kidney
And assemble the unit again

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin'
We are the boys they sent out to die
Bosom buddies while boozin'

Up in headquarters they sing and they shout
Talking of things they know nothing about

We are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin'
Bosom buddies while boozin'
Bosom buddies while boozin'

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

A poor aviator lay a-dying
At the end of a bright summers day
And his comrades were gathered around him
To carry his fragments away

Oh, his bird was pilad on his wishbone
And his engine was wrapped round his head
And he wore a spark plug on each elbow
Twas plain he would shortly be dead

Oh, he spat out a valve and a gasket
As he stirred in the sump where he lay
And to his sorrowing comrades
These brave parting words did he say

I'll be riding a clud in the morning
With no merlin before me to course
So come along and get busy
Another lad now wants the hearse

Take the manifold out of my larynx
And the cylinders out of my brain
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys
And assemble the engine again

With rusted fifties and rockets
With pilots as old as they seem
We fly these worn out mustangs
Against the MIG-15

Forgotten by the land that bore us
Betrayed by the ones we held dear
The good have all gone before us
And only the dull are still here

So stand to your glasses steady
This world is a world full of lies
Here's a toast to those dead already
And here's to the next man to die

SONG OF THE ZULU WARRIORS

Ay zigga zumba zumba zumba
Ay zigga zumba zumba zay
Ay zigga zumba zumba zumba
Ay zigga zumba zumba zay

Hold 'em down, you Zulu warriors
Hold 'em down, you Zulu Chiefs
Chiefs Chiefs Chiefs
Chi-ga-ma-lie-----oh

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings till I got the god-damned things
Now I don't want them any more
They taught me how to fly then they sent me off to die
I've had a belly full of war
You can save those Zero's for the god-damned heros
Distinguished flying crosses do not compensate for losses, Buster

Chorus: I wanted wings till I got the god-damned things
Now I don't want them any more

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames
I've no desire to be burned
Air combat spells romance, but it makes me wet my pants
I'm not a fighter I have learned
You can save those Mitsubitsi's for those other sons-o-bitches
Cause I'd rather lay a woman than be shot down in a Grumman, Buster

Now, I'm too young to die in a damned old PBY
That's for the eager not for me
I won't trust to luck to be picked up by a duck
After I've crashed into the sea
Caused K'd rather be a bell hop than a flyer on a flat top
With my hand around a bottle not around a god-damned throttle, Buster

Now, I'd don't care to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr
Flak always makes me park my lunch
I got no Hey, Hey, when they holler bombs away
I'd rather be home with the bunch
For there's one thing you can't laugh off
And that's when they shoot your ass off
For I'd rather be home buster with my ass than with a cluster, Buster

They feed us lousy chow but we stay alive somehow
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew
What will they think of next they'll be dehydrating sex
And on that day I'll tell the coach I'm through
For I dearly love my humpin', and I'd love to do some pumpin'
But K'd rather come with chowder, than to come with lumps of powder, Buster

Now the day that we bomber Metz, I ran out of cigaretts
I always smoke one for my gut
They make them by the ton, but I haven't got one
Oh what I'd give to have a butt
Now the home front may be pitching, but I still will do my bitching
Till I find some real sharp cookie, who can mass produce some nookie,
Buster.

I WANTED WINGS
(Korean Version)

I wanted wings till I got the god-damn things
Now I don't want them any more
I don't want a tour in Korea that's for sure
I've had a belly full of war
I don't want my fanny frozen
In that putrid land of Chosen
Fighting MIG's of Uncle Joe's
In an atmosphere that's frigid frozen, buster
I wanted wings till I got the god-damn things
Now I don't want them any more

I don't want to die over Antung in the sky
MIG's always make me barf my lunch
For me there's no Hey, Hey, Screaming
Bogies that-a-way
I'd rather be home with the bunch
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off
And that's when they shoot your ass off
I would rather be home buster
With my ass than with a cluster, Buster
I wanted wings till I got the god-damn things
Now I don't want them any more

SQUADRON SONG

Oh, we are the boys from the 3-8-6
You've heard so much about
Mothers keep their daughters in
Whenever we go out

We're always full of whiskey
We're always full of booze
Oh, we are the boys from 3-8-6
Now who the hell are youse

As we go marching
And the band begins to P*L*A*Y
You can hear the people shouting
Raggedy Razz, Raggedy Razz
3-8-6

Whowawa
Who owns this club, whowawa
Who owns this club, whowawa
Who owns this club, the people cried
WE own this club
WE own this club
Three eighty sixth squadron we replied!!

GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

Chorus: They call it that good old mountain dew
And them that refuse it are few
I'll hush up my mug if you'll fill up my jug
with that good old mountain dew

There's an old hollow tree, down the road here from me
Where you lay down a dollar or two
Then you go round the bend, and when you come back again
Your jug is full of the good old mountain dew

My brother Bill, has a still on the hill
Where he runs off a gallon or two
The buzzards in the sky, get so drunk they can't fly
Just from smelling that good old mountain dew

Now my cousin Mort, he is sawed off and short
Only measures bout four foot two
But he thinks he's a giant, when you give him a pint
Of that good old mountain dew

My old aunt June, bought some brand new perfume
And it had such a sweet smelling phew
But to her surprise, when she had it analyzed
It was nothing but good old mountain dew

The flak gets so thick, that it makes you feel sick
When you've been on a rail cut or two
But you'll never abort, if they'll give you a snort
Of that good old mountain dew

BLOOD ON YOUR TUNIC

An Air Force Lieutenant to Pusan did stole
He'd just come back from a raid on Seoul
When an old M.P. Sgt said, "Pardon me, sir
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knees."

Chorus: La de a, La de a
There's blood on your tunic
And mud on your knees

Now look here Sgt, you bloody damn fool
I've just come back from a raid on Seoul
Where ack ack is flying and comforts are few
And brave men are dying for bastards like you

Now the old M.P. Sgt said, "Pardon me, sir
But on the Lt. I meant no slur
But the girls down the Pusan are hard to please
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knees."

THE PO RIVER VALLEY
(Tune- Red River Valley)

To the Po river valley we're going
For to get us some trains and some tracks
But if I had my say-so about it
I'd still be back home in the sack

Come and sit by my side at the briefing
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
To the Po river valley were going
And I'm flying four in flight blue

We went for to check on the weather
And they said it was clear as can be
Now I lost my wingman 'round the field
And the rest augered in out at sea

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going
S-2 said there's no flak on the way
There's a dark overcast o'er the target
I'm beginning to doubt what they say

A spitfire went by like a whirlwind
And a mustang went by like a breeze
And a C-46 with one feathered
Went by towing five L-3's

To the Po river valley we're going
And many strange sights we will see
But the one there that held my attention
Was the flak that they threw up at me

FAREWELL TO ANTUNG UNIVERSITY

Farewell to Antung University, I have risen to reality
Forty thousand is no place for me, with MIG-15's in the vicinity
With cannon balls flying all around, Makes me wish that I'd stayed on the
ground
I should join the infantry, or take the navy and go out to sea

Where did red leader go, when I called out "Bingo"
That's what I like to know, just where'n hell did he go
He called "Red flight, BREAK RIGHT," all I did was tuck in tight
He climbed up in the sun and that's where the fun begun.

Flashes behind me, flashes all around
Flashes above me, and flashes on the ground.
I called "Red leader, where in the hell did you roam?
Clear yourself and ride the mach cause I am going home!"

BLESS THEM ALL

Bless them all, Bless them all
The needle, the airspeed the ball
Bless all the instructors
Who taught me to fly
Sent me up to solo and left me to die
So if ever your blow jet should stall
You're due for one hell of a fall
No lillies or violets for dead fighter pilots
So cheer up my lads, Bless them all

Bless them all, Bless them all
The long and the short and the tall
Bless all the sergeants
The sour puss ones
Bless all the Corporals and their dopey sons
Cause we're saying goodbye to them all
The long and the short and the tall
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean
So while we are here bless them all

CHITOSE BLUES

(Tune- Cigareets and Whiskey)

Once I was happy and had a dear wife
I had enough Yen to last me for life
I met with a Josan and we went on a spree
She started me smokin' and drinkin' Saki

Chorus: Cigareets and Saki and wild wild Josans
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Cigareets and Saki and wild wild Josans
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane

I went to Asmuchi, a bath for to take
I met me a Josan who was on the make
The bath it was hot and the Josan was too
If you go to Asmuchi my boys you are through

I went to my room, some sleep for to get
She said no sleep boy, with me there's no sweat
I woke the next morning at quarter past ten
She says, "Hey Yankee, thats four thousand Yen."

I'm back in Chitose where we sing and we shout
Me and the Doc are sweating it out
He gave me some pills from a jug on the shelf
Then he poured out a dozen or two for himself.

CIGARETTES AND WHISKEY

Once I was happy when I was a lad
We had no sweat when we flew the Spad
They sent me to YNG, the Duces to fly
Since that time, I've been ready to die.

Take it from me boys, its quite a plane,
Enough dampners and juices to drive you insane
Goes from the ground to forty at gate
But after that Pinkerton will want you to wait.

Delta wings, Q pots and a crazy cockpit
It'll drive you apeshit, it'll drive you insane
No push rods or cables to bank it or dive
Just turn on the dampners and ride it alive.

Pinkerton tower is built out of glass
It's forty feet high and really has class
They give you some trouble when leaving the ground
The Cleveland-center just won't let you down

CHORUS:

Pinkerton and cleveland and wild wild Gasbag
They'll drive you ape shit they'll drive you insane
Emergency experiences and ATC clearances
They'll drive you ape, they'll drive you insane.

KUNI-RI AND ANTUNG
(Tune-Cigareets and Whiskey)

Once I was happy and had a good deal
Flew Fox-Eighty-Sixes at old Victorville
They asked for a volunteer, said, "I'll take you"
The next thing I knew I was stuck in Taegu!

Chorus: Kuni-ri and Antung, and wild wild Pyong-yang
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Quad fifties and forties and one hundred sorties
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane

We go down to briefing while it is still night
We lift off the runway before it is light
We form in the gloom and we're off on our way
We're over the target before it is day

We're up to the Yalu, there's cons overhead
We think of the Wheels who are snug in their beds
We drop our big tips and we break to the right
"Josie" we cry with all of our might

We steer on 280, we're up in the soup
We swear that the leader is doing a loop
Break out in the clear and set down on K-2
Be careful or Willie will write about you

Oh the Chosen is frozen and all wet with ice
From thirty-five thousand she looks mighty nice
But ask a foot soldier and he'll set you plumb straight
It's covered with Reds blood imbedded with hate

Oh the MIG is a blot on the whole human race
A man is a monkey to give one a chase
Here's my description, take warning dear brother
There's fire on one end, but cannons on t'other

Went up to MIG alley, S-2 said "No Sweat"
If I hadn't looked 'round, I'd be up there yet
Six MIGS jumped our ass, and the leader yelled "BREAK"
Got back to K-10, how my knees they did shake

If I fly a hundred and they ask for more
I'll tell them to jam it, my ass is too sore
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care
Just give me a Wing job, a desk and a chair

I went on my mission to cut a rail track
They said, "There's no sweat 'cause there ain't any flack"
But the guns from that place would make day out of night
Oh god how I wish all I did was dog fight

Oh it's up to the Yalu in my flying machine
The Sui-Ho Reservoir is plainly seen
But MIG's out of Antung sent sweat down my back
So I head towards Kanggye and get shot down by flack

KUNI-RI AND ANTUNG (Con't)

I grabbed those two handles and squeezed --- what a sound
A kick in the ass, soon I'm floating toward ground
I showed them my blood chit, they said, "No sweat mac"
They hand me an a Frame, now I'm walking back

HUTCH's BALLAD
(Tune - Sure a Little Bit of Heaven)

Sure, out target it was bunkers
Way out in the hills so grand
Located in Korea, right next to no-mans land
Our fans now they were G.I's
And they thought our Mustangs grand
As we circled o'er the target
Watching "Willie Peter"land

But our controller was neurotic
Near the ground he wouldn't go
We toggled off our babies
And we watched them hit below
He had placed his rockets wildly
And he'd fouled the whole damn show
But when we got the grading
Sure it was Zero - Zero

Sure, a little bit of airplane fell
From out the sky one day
It landed west of Pyongyang
Not very far away
Comet Red won't be coming back
It made us very blue
But we went on to our target
And we dropped out babies true

So, we sprinkled it with fifties
Just to keep their heads down low
Then we hurried back to S-2
To lie about our show
When you read it in the papers
All about the 18th's capers
You will know it's propaganda
For old Barcus, bless his soul

THE CUCKOO SONG

Now the Cuckoo is a strange bird
It sits on the grass
With its wings neatly folded
and its beak up its ass
From this strange position
It seldom does flit
For it's hard to say "Cuckoo"
With a beak full of ---- Sweet Violets etc.,

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ASS
(Tune- Throw a Nickel on the Drum)

I t was midnight in Korea
All the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel _____
And this is what he said
Sabres, gentle Sabres, Sabres one and all
Pilots, gentle Pilots, And all the pilots shouted BALLS
When up stepped a young Lieutenant
With a voice as harsh as brass
"You can Take those God Damn Sabre Jets and shove them up your ass

Chorus: Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilots ass
Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved

Cruising down the Yalu, doing six-twenty per
There came a call from the Major, Oh won't you save me sir
Got three big flak holes in my wings, my tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, got six MIG's on my ass

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
The airspeed read one-thirty, my God I racked it tight
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions please

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left wing hit the ground
There came a call from the tower, pull up and go around
I racked the Sabre in the air a dozen feet or more
The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor

Split S onto my bomb run, I got too God Damn low
I pressed the bloody vutton, Let both my babies go
I sucked the stick back in my gut, I hit a high speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the works all done this fall

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skoshe ack ack"
But by the time I got there, my wings were holed by flak
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I am too young to die

I bailed out from that Sabre, my landing was top line
With my E and E equipment, I made for our front line
When I opened up my ration tin, to see what was in it
The God Damn Quartermaster, had filled the thing with shit

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged to sit
For one canot go ver for, en a ration tin of shit
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have Quartermaster bollix, for breakfast till I die

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS (Con't)

Oh, while rolling down the runway, and headed for the ditch
I looked down at my prop, my God it's in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick, and rose into the air
Glory, Glory, Halleluia, how did I get there

The boys up from that other group, they think they are so hot
They brag about the "Bluetails", that they've so often shot
One thing they don't remember, when ere they holler and hoot
Is to look into their mirror, just before they shoot

I hear we're leaving Europe, they say we're going home
They tell us no more wandering, never more we'll roam
But the Colonels up at Langley, are planning on the sly
Just where they're gonna sent us, on our next TDY

I started on my takeoff, I thought the flaps were down
But when I pulled the gear up, the dive brake scraped the ground
The General he smiled at me, he thought it was great fun
But then I met the F.E.B., Chitose here I come

We flew our Sabres through the war, we flew them far and fast
But when the war was over, we knew it couldn't last
They sent our old instructors, to teach us all their tricks
So now we're flying training, behind those dirty pricks

Letting down from forty-four, busting through the mach
that Sabre Jet was moving now, falling like a rock
My boom was aimed right at the field, there was an awful sound
Since we're flying training now, I'm sitting on the ground

I started up into a loop, I thought that I was clear
I pulled up under Colonel Blood, I thought the end was near
I went before the F.E.B., and they gave me the works
Glory, Glory, Halleluia, what a bunch of jerks

Strafin' on the panel, I amde my pass too low
There came a call from Melrose, "One more and home you go"
I pulled that Sabre in the flue, she hit a high speed stall
Now I won't see my mother, when the work's all done this fall

Now I'm in the gutter, with pretzels in my beer
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near
Then came this glorious Air Force, to save me from the worst
Every body bust a butt and sing the second verse

PUSAN U
(Tune- Sioux City Sue)

We were roaming round the countryside
'Twas down near Pusan Bay
We stepped into a local bar
To pass the time away
I met a gal from old Chin Ju
She was a sight to view
I asked her where she came from
And she said, "Pusan U."

Chorus: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
The finest school in all the land
The University that's grand
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
I hail my Alma Mater
Oh Pusan U, to you

I enrolled in that great college
Founded by Kim Pac Su
'Twas built of honeybuckets
So they called it Pusan U
The smell it was terrific
But fortune saw me through
So now I left this glass
To the school of Pusan U

Chorus: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
Your course is good for engineers
A-frames, ox carts pulled by steers
Oh Pusan, U, Oh Pusan U
I hail my Alma Mater
Oh Pusan U, to you

I saw a girl most beautiful
She was a sight to view
She won a beauty contest
She was crowned Miss Pusan U
They spotted her in Hollywood
Now she's a star there too
When asked to what she owes her fame
She says, "Oh Pusan U."

REPEAT FIRST CHORUS:

We have an A-1 baseball team
We win our games straight through
They ask us where we come from
And we say, "Pusan U"
We have a pitcher who is tops
Our batters are good too
And every time we come to bat
The crowd yells, "Pusan U"

REPEAT SECOND CHORUS:

STRAFIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN
(Tune - She'll Be Comin Round the Mountain)

Now listen all you airmen young and old
To the tale of Fighter Pilots young and bold
With their fighters painted yellow
Leaping off to contact Mellow
In the crisp Korean air so blue and cold

It was dive bomb old Sinuiju, stop the Reds
Eight one thousand pounders, loader, instand heads
Four birds lined up on the runway
Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday
Hope we catch those lousy Commies in their beds

Twenty thousand over Pyongyang on Northwest
Gas Mask flight about to face the acid test
Till at least the Yalu River
Which makes my liver quiver
With flak guns lined up twenty-four abreast

Dust clouds rool up from Antung cross the way
Twenty swept wing Chinese war birds out to play
Thirty-sevens, twenty-threes
All lit up like Christmas trees
Tip tanks salvced off we leap into the fray

Kimpo tower clear the pattern in great haste
Twenty victory roll out pilots do with grace
It was thrilling, it was hairy
Near that privilidged sanctuary
Singhman Rhee will soon be president of this place

Kimpo tower this is Gas Mask through with this damn war
I am flying on to Taegu
Heading one-five-two to K-2
Cause they're sending back to Moscow for some more

A Navy Prayer

Our father, who art in washington
Eisenhower is thy name
The Navy's done
The Air Force won
On the Atlantic, as in the Pacific
Give us this day, our appropriations
And forgive us our accusations
As we forgive our accusers
Lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from Matthews and Johnson
For thine is the power
The B-52 and the Air Force
Forever and ever. Airman

THE SCOTCH WEDDING

Prelude: There was a ball a bloody great ball, the ball of Kerrie Muir
Four and twenty prostitutes shaggin on the moor

Oh the King was in his counting house, counting out his wealth
The Queen was in the bed room, playing with herself

Chorus: Singing I'll do ye this time, I'll dee it noo
The mon that did it last night, could na do it noo

Oh the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom
The vag'na not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb

Oh the parsons wife she was there, seated down in front
A wreath of roses round her neck, a carrot up her cunt

Oh the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see
Four and twenty maidenhead hanging from a tree

Oh the parsons daughter she was there, she had them all in fits
Diving off the mantelpiece, and landing on her tits.

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the ricks
You could na hear the music for the slushing of the pricks

They were fucking in the barley, fucking in the oats
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats

Oh the village blacksmiths, he was there, his hammer and his awls
Talking to the queen and showing off his balls

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs
You could na see the carpets for the come and curly hairs

The village idiot he was there, a making like a fool
Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling through his tool

Plowman Jock he was there, the bugger would na dance
Sitting with a hard on, and a waiting for his chance

The firey Colonel he was there, he'd fit amongst the Boers
He jumped upon the table and shouted for the whores

The village cripple he was there, he couldna do ver much
So he laid them on the carpet, and he fucked them with his crutch

The chimneysweep and he was there, we had to put him oot
For every time he farted, he filled the room with soot

The village postman he was there, he had a dose of pox
He couldna fuck his lassie so he fucked the letter box

And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best

THE PERSIAN KITTY

The persian kitten perfumed and fair
Stepped out in the garden to get some air
A tom cat lanky, lean, and long
Dirty and yellow came along
He sniffed at the perfumed persian cat
As she walked by with much eclat
Thinking of a little time to pass
Whispered, "Kitten, you sure got class"
Now fittin' and proper the kitten replied
As she arched on whisker over her eye
"I've been raised on pillows of silk,
Never drank nothing but certified milk"
Oh I should be happy with all that I got
I should be happy, but happy I'm not
I should be happy, happy indeed
For you see I'M highly pedigreed"
"Cheer up" said the tom cat with a smile
"Just trust your new found friend for a while
You don't have to leave your own back fence
For kitten all you need is experience"
Tales of joy he then unfurled
As he told her the story of the outside world
Then suggested with a lurid laugh
That they take a little trip down the primrose path
Morning after the night before
When the kitten returned at the hour of four
The innocent look on her eyes had went
And the smile on her face was the smile of content
Months later those kittens of pedigreed fame
They weren't persian, they were black and tan
And she told 'em that their father was a travelin' man
A rack em up, shack em up travelin' man

TATOOED LADY

(Tune- My Indiana Home)

I married me a tatooed lady
To roam around her body was a treat
And every night before retiring
I'd pull the covers back and take a peek
Around her waist was Pennsylvania, and on her hip was Tennessee
And tatooed on her back was dear old Hackensack
From the state of New Jersey
Now on her chest was west Virginia
Through those hills I loved to roam
But when I saw the moonlight shining on the Wabash
Then I recognized my Indiana home

CALL OUT THE ARMY AND THE NAVY

Monday I touched her on the ankle
Tuesday I touched her on the knee
Wednesday with success, I lifted up her dress
Thursday her chemise, Gor Blimey
Friday I put my hand upon it
Saturday night she gave me balls a tweak
And Sunday after supper, I rammed the old boy up her
And now I'M paying seven bob a week, Gor Blimey

Chorus: I don't want to join the Army
I don't want to go to war
I just want to hang around
Picadilly underground
Living of the earnings of a high born lady
Don't want a bullet up my arse hole
Don't want me buttocks shot away
I'd rather be in England
In Jolly Jolly England
And fornicate me bloody life away

Call out the Army and the Navy
Call out the rank and file
Call out the royal territorials
They face danger with a smile
Call out the boys of the old brigade
That made old England free
You can call out me Mother
Me sister and me Brother
But for God's sake don't call me, Gor Blimey

TAEГУ GIRLS

We are from Taegu, Taegu are we
We don't believe in virginity-----Oh horse-shit
We don't use candles we use broom handles
We are the Taegu girls

And every night at twelve on the clock
We watch the white man piss on the ROK
We like the way he handles he cock
We are the Taegu girls

And every year at our annual dance
We go around without any pants
We like to give those pilots a chance
We are the Taegu, talk about your Taegu, We are the taegu girls

POOR LITTLE ANGELINE

She was sweet sixteen, she was the village queen
Pure and innocent was Angeline
She never had a thrill, was a virgin still
Poor little Angeline

Now at the village fair, the Squire was there
Masturbating on the village square
When he chanced to see, the dainty little knee
Of poor little Angeline
So he raised his hat, and he said your cat
Has been ridden o'er and smashed quite flat
But it isn't too far, and I've got my car
Poor little Angeline

Now they hadn't gone far, when he stopped the car
And dragged her in to the nearest bar
Where he filled her with gin, to tempt her to sin
Poor little Angeline

When he'd filled her quite well, he dragged her to a dell
Where he attempted to give her hell
By trying his luck, at a low down fuck
With poor little Angeline

With a cry of rape, he raised her cape
Poor little girlie there was no escape
Unless someone came, to save the name
Of poor little Angeline

But sad to say, on that very same day
HE'd been sent to jail and there to stay
For coming in his pants at the local dance
With poor little Angeline

Now the window of his cell, overlooked the dell
Wherein the squire was giving her hell
As they lay on the grass, he recognized the ass
Of poor little Angeline

So with a mighty start, and a hearty fart
He blew the prison bars wide apart
And he ran like shit, lest the squire should split
Poor little Angeline

When he got to the spot, and saw what was what
He tied the villains pinis in a knot
As he lay upon his guts, he got a kick in the guts
From poor little Angeline

Con't next page

POOR LITTLE ANGELINE (Con't)

Oh dear blacksmith bold, I love you true
And I can tell by your trousers that you love me too
As I'M all undressed, you had better do the rest
Said poor little Angeline

THE RIVER RAN RED
(Tune - Ritanic)

Number one was having fun, number two got quite a few
Number four got some more as he said
Oh the river ran red with the blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more

The road was full of ruts, and the ruts were full of guts
Little children sucking tits had them shot right from their mits
Oh the river ran red with the blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more

There were women in the crown, little children cried aloud
But they all carried guns for the foe
There were some who turned around, when they heard that awful sound
As we came around and tried to get some more

Oh it seemed an awful crime, as we shot them in their prime
But they got number three, don't you see
Yes they shot him down with flak, and they broke his bloody back
As we came around and tried to get some more

Number one was having fun, Number two got quite a few
Number four got some more as he said
Oh the river ran red with the blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more

STRAFERS

When I was a cadet, an innocent lad
The Chaplin told me the good from the bad
And of all his words, these were his last
Never fly high and never fly fast

So I joined up the strafers with these words in mind
And off to New Guinea did go
But when I got there I was to find
The strafers fly too gosh darn low...Oh

We fly o'er the treetops with inches to spare
There's smoke in the cockpit and grey in out hair
The tracers looks fine as strafing we go
But brother you're flying just too gosh darn low

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

Then up and spoke a sailors wife
And she was dressed in green
And in one corner of her funny little thing
She had a submarine
She had a submarine my boys
With conning tower complete
And in the other corner she had half the fucking fleet

Chorus: She had those dark and dreamy eyes
With a whiz bang up her nighty
Singing Hi Jack, come and have a skin back
Come and have a bang at Liza, singing
Old solders never die, they just smell that way

Then up and spoke the gunners wife
And she was full of fun
And in one corner of her funny little thing
She had a vickers gun
She had a vickers gun my boys
With the breech block and the sear
And in the other corner she had provisions for a year

Then up and spoke the pilots wife
And she was chewing gum
And in one corner of her funny little thing
She had a fiftt-one
She had a fifty-one my boys
Two napalms and six guns
And in the other corner she had rockets by the tons

Then up and spoke the skippers wife
And she was dressed in black
And in one corner of her funny little thing
She had a fishing smack
She had a fishing smack my boys
The oarlocks and the oars
And in the other corner she had bags and bags of sores

Then up and spoke the jockey's wife
and she was dressed in red
And in one corner of her funny little thing
She had a horses head
She had a horses head my boys
The bridle and the bit
And in the other corner she had bags and gabs of shit

Then up and spoke the brewers wife
And she was dressed in grey
And in one corner of her funny little thing
She had a brewers dray
She had a brewers dray my boys
The barrels and the beer
And in the other corner she had syph and ghonnorhea

ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG
(Tune-On top of old Smokey)

On top of old Pyongyang, all covered with flak
I lost my poor wingman, he'll never come back
For flying is pleasure, and dying is grief
And a quick triggered commie, is worse than a thief

For a thief will just rob you, and take all you save
But a quick triggered Commie, will send you to the grave
And the grave will destroy you, and turn you to dust
Not one MIG in a thousand, a Sabre Jet can trust

Now when the bad weather, keeps the ships down
All day we can hear, this horrible sound
Attention all pilots, now listen to this
There'll be a short meeting, That you dare not miss

They'll give us some lectures, then give us some more
But we have all heard them, twenty-five times or more
Now listen you trainees, you cant fight the group
Whatever they tell you, is superfluous poop

ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

On top of old Fuji, all covered with snow
I lost my jet pilot, from flying too low
He put on an air show, he did it for me
On top of Mt Fuji, he clobbered a tree
With throttle wide open, he made his last pass
At altitude zero, he busted his ass

RED NOSED MIGS
(Tune - Shrimp Boats)

Oh the red nose MiG's are comin'
Not a Sabre in sight
Oh the red nose MiG's are comin'
And they want to fight
Let's hurry, hurry, hurry home
Oh won't you hurry, hurry, hurry home
Oh the red nose MiG's are comin'
Not a Sabre in sight

MIG 15
(Tune-I T'ought I taw a Puttycat)

I t'ought I taw a MiG-15, A tweeping up on me
I did, I did, I taw him, As big as he could be

I am that great big MiG-15, Ivan is my name
And if I catch that '84, I'll shoot him down in flame

ON TOP OF MT MEALY

On top of Mount Mealy
All covered with snow
Lie an all-weather pilot
and his fearless RO

Now he put on an air show
He did it for me
At altitude zero
He clobbered a tree

His gyros did tumble
he guages did lie
but with canopy under
is no way to fly

With a hundered percent on
He made his last pass
With throttles wide open
He busted his ass

He said that he loved me
and would do me no harm
On top of Mount Mealy
He purchased the farm

Bye Bye Cherry

Back your ass against the wall
Here I come balls and all
Bye Bye Cherry

I ain't got a helluva lot
But what I got will fill your twat
Bye Bye Cherry

Wrapyour legs around me tighter
make my load come a little lighter
Shake your ass and wiggle your tits
Till my big john Henry spits
Bye Bye Cherry

THE CAMEL

The crew they all ride in the dory
The captain he rides in the gig
It don't go a damn bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel big

Chorus: Signing toraly toraly toraly A
Toraly Toraly A
It don't go a damn bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel big

The sexual life of a camel
Is greater than anyone thinks
In moments of amorous passion
He often makes love to the sphinx

Now the sphinx's posterier organs
Are blocked by the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile

Exhaustive experimentation
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall
Has proved that the ass of a hedgehog
Can hardly be buggered at all

Oh why don't the boys down at Harvard
Do like the boys down at Yale
They pull all the quills from the hedgehog
So it's easy to grab by the tail

Here's to the girls of North Adams
And here's to the streets that they roam
And here's to their dirty faced bastards
God bless them they may be our own

Here's to old fort Massachusetts
And here's to the old Mohawk trail
And here's to those Indian maidens
They gave us our first piece of tail

OLD BEER BOTTLES

It was only an old beer bottle
Floating on the foam
It was only an old beer bottle
Ten thousand miles from home
In side was a piece of paper
With these words written on
Who ever finds this bottle
Will find the beer all gone

CATS ON THE ROOF TOP

The hippopotamus so it seems, seldom if ever has wet dreams
But when he does, he comes in streams
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Chorus: Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles
Cats with the syphilis, cats with the piles
Cats with their ass holes wreathed in smiles
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Down in the Pampas, down in the grass, mama armadillo has an iron
But papa armadillo has a prick of brass /bound Ass
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Way down south where the alligators roar
There isn't such a thing as an alligator whore
Cause all the alligators are too sore
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Oh the elephant is a funny old bloke
Who very seldom gets his poke
But when he does he lets it soak
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Oh the ostrich is a funny old dick
It isn't very often that he dips his wick
But when he does he dips it quick
As we revel in the joys of copulation

_____ is a friend of mine
His dub he very seldom pounds
But when he does the walls rescound
As we revel in the joys of copulation

POOR BUT HONEST

Oh she was poor but she was honest
The victim of a rich mans whim
When she met that southern gentleman- Leo Daniels
And she had a child by him
Now he sits in the governors mansion
Making laws for all mankind
While she walks the streets of Austin- Austin Texas
Selling chunks of her behind

It's the rich what gets the glory
It's the poor what gets the blame
It's the same the whole world over - Over Over
Now ain't that a God Damn shame

PIPER LAURIE

Salvation Army, Salvation Army
Standing on the corner in the night night night
Beating on your drum with your finger up your bung
Singing mama hold my pee-pee while I pee

Sergeant Major, Sergeant Major
Standing in your uniform so bright bright bright
Saluting with your hand with your bollix in the sand
Singing Corporal hold my pee-pee while I pee

Naughty Baby, Naughty Baby
Keeping all the neighbors up at night night night
Standing on your head in the middle of the bed
Singing mama hold me pee-pee while I pee

General Barcus, General Barcus
Looking at your stars so big and bright bright bright
Coming down the hill singing Colonel have a thrill
Singing Colonel hold my pee-pee while I pee

Piper Laurie, Piper Laurie
Having skoshie chop-chop at the club, club, club
As I gaze into your eyesand my pee-pee starts to rise
Singing Piper hold my pee-pee while I pee

ACE IN THE HOLE

Oh the world is full of guys, who think they're might wise
Just because they know a thing or two
You can see them night and day strolling up and down Broadway
Telling of the things that they can do
Oh there are wise men and there are boozers
Con men and crap shooters, they all hang around the Metropole
Wearing fancy ties and collars, where do they get those dollars
They all have that ace down in the hole

Some of them write to the old folks, for coin
That's their old ace in the hole
Others have girls on the old tender-loin
That's their old ace in the hole
They'll tell you of places that they're going to see
From Frisco to the old north pole
But their name would be mud, like a chump playing stud
If they lost that old ace in the hole

THE MISSION
(Tune-The thing)

I looked upon the schedule and was as happy as a king
For once I had a mission when I wasn't flying wing
I went down to the briefing room and my tiger blood went ping
For there sat Major Nichols and they had me on his wing
For there sat Major Nichols and they had me on his wing

The mission was all briefed to go at quarter after nine
Big Dog had given us all the poop, the weather it was fine
"One work of advice," he said to us, "Though I hate to spoil your fun
Stay out from in front of that MiG-15, it's too big a gun

We were sugerin' around away up there as watchful as could be
Reichman said, "Take a look at six and see what you can see."
I took a look at six O'clock and much to my surprise
I discovered a MiG-15, right before my eyes
I discovered a MiG-15, right before my eyes

The cannon balls were flying around as thick as they could be
I took one look and said, says I, this ain't no place for me
I rolled it over and sucked it through and took it down below
Sayin' get out of here with that BOOM BOOM BOOM and don't come back no more
Sayin' get out of here with that BOOM BOOM BOOM and don't come back no more

I shoved the throttle to the wall a runnin' for my life
Skelton said, "Come back you coward and join into the strife."
"Your ass," said I with quaking voice, "This ain't no place for me."
So I racked it up and pulled it around and took it out to sea
So I racked it up and pulled it around and took it out to sea.

I rolled it out of that six G turn out over the briny deep
That MiG could not have followed cause I sure racked it steep
But when I looked back, Oh there he sat, as fat as he could be
And he was shooting those cannon balls, and they were coming right at me
And he was shooting those cannon balls, and they were coming right at me

I took a hit upon the wing, another in the tail
The way that Sabre was lurchin' around I'd surely have to bail
I braced my self and said a prayer and pulled the handle red
Oh, if I hadn't gotten out of that flaming wreck, I'd surely wound up dead
Oh, if I hadn't gotten out of that flaming wreck, I'd surely wound up dead

The moral of this story is, if you're up in a flight
And you've got a mig at six o'clock, and he's all tucked in tight
DON'T ever roll out or pull it up, that's my advice to you
Cause you'll never get rid of the Son of a Bitch, no matter what you do
Cause you'll never get rid of the Son of a Bitch, no matter what you do

SPOT PROMOTION
(Tune- Cold Cold Heart)

I've tried, so hard my friend, to think
That rank was worth a lot
But now you've gone and got yourself
Promoted to a spot
Your job is one that could be done
By any PFC
How can I get your ass shipped out
And get that spot for me

You'll be a full bird soon, my friend
Of that I have no doubt
The t?o's being changed right now
They ripped it inside out
Lieutenant General, Wing CO
The staff all gets one star
At least we'll have some rank around
To help us fight the war

Another week or two in grade
We'll put you in again
You needn't wait to learn your job
That's for enlisted men
The only thing I envy is
The talent that you got
How can I get your ass shipped out
And get your open spot

AIN'T IT A BLOODY SHAME
(Tune- Poor but Honest)

We were fat back in the Truman's
Drinking beer, and sometimes wine
When they said, "You're going over
To Korea's fighting line."

We were young and we were eager
To get one hundred and go home
But they slipped the finger to us
And left us here - far o'er the foam

Now they sit in FEAF Headquarters
Making rules so much unkind
It's the same the whole world over
Isn't it a bloody shame

Shed a tear when you think of us
Sitting here on old K-2
While you sleep with all our sweethearts
As we fly the old Yalu

EARLY ABORT
(Tune- MacMamara's Band)

Oh, my name is Colonel _____, I'm the leader of the group
Just step into my briefing room, I'll give you all the poop
I'll tell you where the Commie is, and where the flak is black
I'll be the last one off the deck, I'll be the first one back

Chorus: Early abort, avoid the rush, early abort, avoid the rush
Early abort, avoid the rush
Oh my name is Colonel _____ I'm the leader of the group

My name is Major _____ and I lead old liberty
And if I go on rail cuts, my boys will follow me
But if you say Pyong-Yang, I'll tell you what I'll do
Get into your plane and go ahead, and I'll wait here for you

I'm sure you've heard of nightmares, and the things they do
But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true
The pilots they are ready, but let the skipper shout
And all those bastards yell at once, "My mags they won't check out!"

And then I'm sure you know of the leaders in the wing
Any night in the O Club you can hear how well they sing
With words they fight a hell of a war, they say they wanta go too
But just you give them half a chance, and here's what they will do

Oh I fly the old Invader, and Douglas says it's great
But when it comes to fighting MIG's, those bastards just don't rate
I was born to be a fighter, to grapple in the blue
But when it comes to fighting MIG's, I'll tell you what I'll do

Now we'll all line up and take off, and set our course at ten
And when we reach the no return, we'll all turn back again
We'll call the tower and get a steer, we don't know where we've been
Drop your tanks and canopies, peel off the belly in

Oh we fly those bloody Sabres at a hundred bloody feet
We can fly them in the rain and fog, and in the bloody sleet
We think we're flying bloody high, we're flying bloody low
And we make our bloody landfall at the Firth of bloody Forth

Oh we fly those bloody Sabres at a hundred bloody feet
We can fly them in the rain and fog, and in the bloody sleet
And when we're flying bloody high, we're flying bloody low
And we hit the marker beacon such an awful bloody blow

Now when this war is over and we're back in the U.S.A.
We'll fly the planes in all war games, and do what the Generals say
But if we have another war and they give us the '86
To hell with all the general staffs, we won't get in that fix

THE FAIRCHILD ABORTION
(Tune- Strawberry Roan)

Out on the flight line one cold sunday morn
Sat the Fairchild Abortion all battered and torn
The wings were sagging, the tires were flat
The form one had a red line, I'll bet you on that

We fired up both engines with mixtures full rich
And took to the runway with that son of a bitch
We pushed on the power, sh farted and stalled
And got off the runway, no airspeed at all

We call to the tower, "Single Engine," we say
"What the hell," said the tower, "We got them all day"
"Go around," said the tower, "We can't let you land
We got Gooks on the runway dragging off sand

We milked up the flaps, and rolled in the trim
Over the tree tops that old wreck she did skim
We turned on final and free fell the gear
The engineer murmured, "Please have no fear"

The pilot was scared, the Co-pilot too
The engineer had all he could do
The runway was coming and coming up fast
One third of the runway had already passed
We pulled off power and she settled in fast
That on-twenty-three had landed at last

BLACKBIRDS
(Tune- Bye Bye Blackbird)

Here we stand on the ground
We won't take off till the sun goes down
We fly Blackbirds
Go in low and come out fast
Keep those fighters off our ass
We fly Blackbirds

No one here can ever understand up
You should hear the malarky they hand us
Mix those drinks and mix em right
Because we're standing down tonight
Blackbirds we fly

DIRTY LIL

Dirty Lil, Dirty Lil
Lives on top of garbage hill
Never took a bath
Never will
Ach! Ptue! Dirty Lil

KATHUSELEM

In ancient days there lived a maid
Who used to ply a filthy trade
A prostitute of ill repute
The harlot of Jeruselem

Chorus: Hi Ho Kathuselem the harlot of Jeruselem
Hi Ho kathuselem the daughter of the Rabbi

Kathuselem's snatch was bold and bare
Upon her gash there grew no hair
For hair won't grow on a thorogare
Like the snatch of old Kathuselem

Kathuselem's cunt was round and red
For forty years it had not bled
It smelled as though it had been dead
Since the founding of Jeruselem

Now Kathuselem was a willey witch
A god damn fucking son of a bitch
And every pecker that had the itch
Had dangled in Kathuselem

Next door there lived a giant tall
His prick of steel could smash a wall
His balls hung down like basketballs
The giant of old Jeruselem

One night returning from a spree
A quite consistant jubilee
His balls hung well below his knee
He chanced to cross Kathuseelem

And so he challanged her to fuck
And wishing her the best of luck
He led her to a shady nook
And ther unfurled his might hook

He led her to a shady nook
And there unfurled his mighty hook
For forty yards it throbbed and shook
the Walls of old Jeruselem

This giant of old was underslung
He missed her cunt and hit her bung
And with his giant pecker stung
The pride of all Jeruselem

Kathuselem she knew her art
She cocked her ass and blew a fart
She blew him like a bloody dart
Through the walls of old Jeruselem

Aand ther he lay a broken mass
His cock all bent with shit and gas
And Kathuselem got up and wiped her ass
All over the walls of Jeruselem 52

SEOUL CITY SUE
(Tune- Sioux City Sue)

I drove a herd of oxen down
Till reached old Bong Chong way
And there I met a gook girl
Who said she'd like to play
Her clothes were of a dirty blue
Her hands and feet were too
I asked her what her name was
She said, "Seoul City Sue."

Chorus: Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue
Your hair is black, your eyes are too
I'd swap my honey cart for you
Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue
No one smells of Kimchie
Like my sweet Seoul City Sue

Oh, Korea, I must admit
I owe a lot to you
I came here from America
To find Seoul City Sue
Someday I'll take her back with
And buy her perfumes too
So people can't be singing
"Here comes Seoul City Sue."

LOOK AT THE EARS ON HIM

I heard they wanted men to fight as aviators bold
So I went down, held up my hand, and this is what he told
"You'll go the Kelly Field and learn to navigate the sky"
When I got there I was SOL for this is how I fly

Chorus: Look at the ears on him, on him
Oh! how do you get that way
That was the greeting I received as I marched in today
First they put me into the kitchen, KP was my name
I wrote my girl that I was a flier
Gee! but I'm a wonderful liar
Look at the ears on him, on him
Oh! How do you get that way
That is the only battle cry I hear both night and day
If I'm to fight in this great war and end the Kaisers reign
They'd better take up me kettles and pans
And give me an aeroplane

I've peeled a million spuds since I've been in this flying game
I've swung a pick and shovel, till my weary back is lame
I've navigated lots of ground but not an inch of sky
And when I ask about aeroplanes, I hear the same old cry

FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh the place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
They are off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They are all across the bay, getting shot at every day
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan

Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
They are all in USO's wearing ribbons, fancy clothes
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray

Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce
Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce
The automatic pilots on, reading novels in the john
Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
The place is full of brass, sitting round on their fat ass
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
To keep up our reputation, but increase the population
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice

Oh look at the 383th in the club
Oh look at the 383th in the club
They don't party, they don't sing, 386th does everything
Oh Look at the 383th in the club

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
When a bomber jockey walks into our club
He don't drink his share of suds, all he does is flub his dub
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh it's naught, naughty, naughty, but it's nice
Oh it's naught, naughty, naughty, but its nice
It'll ruin your reputation, but increase the population
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice.

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
When a bomber jockey walks into our club
He won't drink his share of suds
all he does in flub his dub
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell!

Solo: We're going to burn down the outhouse!

Choruse: DOO!

But we'll build a new one ,
Hooray

Our town has only one bar.
BOO

One hundred feet long.
HOORAY

Our bar has only one bartender.
BOO

Our barmaids were long dresses.
BOO

Made out of cellophane.
Hooray.

You can't walk upstairs with our barmaids.
BOO

They make you run
HOORAY

You can't sleep with our barmaids
BOO

They won't let you sleep.
HOORAY

Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice
and every body does it once or twice

It's ruing the reputation and play hell with the
population but it's naughty, naughty, naughty but
it's nice.

FIGHTER PILOTS DEATH

"I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere amont the clouds above
Those I fight I do not hate
Those I guard I do not love
Nor law, nor duty made me fight
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the cluds
I balance all, brought all to mind
The years to come seen waste for breath
A waste fo breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this deathe

TOAST TO THE BLUE ANGELS
(Tune- This Old House)

This ole team gonna need revision
This ole team gonna need a crew
This ole team has thrived on gimmicks
Have you seen our pink and blue
This ole team has frosty tailpipes
This ole team has lost its charm
And the captain said the other day
My boys, you've bought the farm

Ain't gonna need this team no longer
Ain't gonna need this team no more
Ain't got time to learn the diamond
Ain't got time to learn the score
Ain't got nerve to do a bomb burst
Or a plane to do the roll
And we're looking for the PIO
Who got us in this hole

This ole team can't fly in weather
This ole team can't fly in rain
This ole team is out of pints of blue
We're called old yellow stain
This ole team is getting lonesome
This ole team has gone astray
And we're just five angel puddy cats
Awaitin' judgement day

Ain't gonna need this team no longer
Ain't gonna need this team no more
Ain't got time to be a tiger
Ain't got time to give a roar
Ain't got planes that hold together
Or the G-suit underwear
But we've got our pretty flying suits
So we don't really care

TACHIKAWA, YOKOHAMA, ITAZUKE
(Tune- Hawaiian War Chant)

Tachikawa, Yokohama, Itazuke
Tachikawa, Yokohama, Itazuke
Tachikawa - - Yokohama - - Itazuke is the place

Ah, So, (Tachikawa); Ah, So, (Yokohama)
Ah, So, (Itazuke); Ah, So, KIMPO

Frozen Chosen is the place for you my boy
Forzen Chosen is the place for you my boy
Forzen Chosen, Chosen Frozen, Frozen Chosen is the place

Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen); Ah, So, (Chosen Frozen)
Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen); Ah, So, KIMPO

A BOMBER FLIES 10,000 MILES
(Tune - Sing us Another one)

Our bomber flies ten thousand miles
Our bomber flies ten thousand miles
But a bomb like a cherry
Is all it can carry
When our bomber flies ten thousand miles

Chorus: Steady boys, steady boys
Here comes another lie

Said pilot to bomber, how slick
Finding this target's no trick
But my God how strange
We're fresh out of range
Strap on my parachute quick

The Air Force sure has the life grand
Wine, women and song is the plan
There's medals by baskets
For flying caskets
In the M*G-M starlet command

F-80's are certainly keen
If to daring your tendencies lean
But we want it said
We'd not be caught dead
In such an infernal machine

With out bombers the world will be shocked
At three hundred miles they've been clocked
But while dreaming up tricks
With the B-36
We've all had our heads up and locked

The X-1 was cruising the blue
The pilot felt something quite new
Crist what a sensation
Where's public relations
The Legion of Merit will do

Our bomber goes ten thousand miles
We claim it but only with smiles
While crashing the barrier
We phoh, pooh, the carrier
That really goes ten thousand miles

Oh we know what we're saying is true
We got it driectly from Stu
We love the blue yonder
But sometimes we wonder
Just who's doing what and to who

So listen young men as we say
Be careful of wings and flight pay
There's no prohibitions
On suidice missions
So come join the Air Force today

ONCE THEY WERE HAPPY
(Tune - Man on the Flying Trapeze)

Once they were happy, completely at ease
They flew their F-80's like a swinging' trapeze
They looped em, they rolled em, they bounced DC-3's
But alas boys, their wings have been clipped

One day they approached Itazuke
Jet leader called echelon right
Mustangs at nine o'clock level
Let's see if 8th fighter will fight

The F-80's broke left and the Mustangs broke right
I think they see us, says jet four in fright
There're all pullin streamers says jet number three
Let's go home, this is no place for me

The jets headed home at a hundred percent
In fact number four had the throttle stop bent
Back to Misawa, to Misawa they went

THE PRETTIEST SHIP

- (1) (Leader) The prettiest ship
(All) The prettiest ship
(Leader) Out on the line
(All) Out on the line
(Leader) The MiG-15
(All) The MiG-15
(Leader) Flies fast and fine
(All) Flies fast and fine
(Leader) The prettiest ship
(All) The prettiest ship, out on the line
The MiG-15 flies fast and fine
- (2) When we go up and fly at noon
The MiG-15's leap off the moon
- (3) Then they come down and pretty soon
A pissed-off tiger lowers the boom
- (4) On all our planes we paint red stars
For MiG-15's that land on Mars
- (5) We chase them up to forty-four
That fox eight six ain't got much more
- (6) The throttle's set right at full bore
We'll never catch that little shore
- (7) Then they start home and Casey calls
We're letting down no sweat at all
- (8) We're coming in with thirteen chicks
Twelve Mig-15's one fox eight six
- (9) The moral of this sotry's clear
When you start home just check your rear
- (10) Cause if you don't you're sure to find
A MiG-15 tucked in behind

"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES
(Tune - Bell Bottom Trousers)

Once there was a barmaid, down in brewery lane
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be
He was the cause of all her misery

Chorus: Singing "G" Suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter
Like his daddy used to do

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head
Se gave it to him willingly and lost her maidenhead
And she like a silly girl, thinking it no harm
Climbed in bed beside him just to keep the pilot warm

Now in the morning before the break of day
A five pound note he handed her, and this to her did say
"T ke this my darling, for all the harm I've done"
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air."

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot an inch above the knee
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by

Final Chorus: Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
She'll never fly a fighter
Like her daddy used to do

INTO THE AIR

Into the air, U.S. Air Force
Into the air, pilots true
Into the air, U.S. Air Force
Keep your nose up in the blue
And when you hear the engines roaring
And the steel props start to shine
Then you can bet the U.S. Air Force
Is along the fighting line

Into the air, junior birdmen
Into the air, upside down
Into the air, junior birdmen
Get your nose up off the ground
And when you hear the great commencement
And you win your wings of tin
You will know the junior birdmen
Have sent their box tops in

MY WILD EYED CADET
(Tune- My Wild Irish Rose)

My wild eyed Cadet, he ain't learned nothing yet
He noses her down, when close to the ground
My wild eyed Cadet
He slips in his banks, if he lives we'll all give thanks
I hear drums beating low, and men marching slow
Behind wild eyed cadets

EIGHT BUCKS A DAY

Open up the throttle till the needle hist the peg
Eight bucks a day, eight bucks a day
Dive and roll and loop her till she's wingless as a keg
Eight bucks a day is the pay
Close the gate, lock the door
Cause we won't come back to Langley any more
We'll land at every flying field to San Francisco Bay
Eight bucks a day is the pay

I WANT TO GO HOME

I want to go home. I want to go home.
The gas tank is leaking, the motor is dead
The pilot is trying to stand on his haed
Take me back to the ground, I don't want to fly upside down
Oh, My, I'm too young to die
I want to go home

HAIL YOU FIGHTER PILOTS

From Pohunkus, Tennessee
Came a bastard that was me
And my father shoveled snow from off the street
Well when I was very young
He found a diamond in the dung
And he sent me here to sing this song to you

So Hail, Oh Hail, you fighter pilots
Fill your glasses full of brew
And we'll have another glass
To the latest horses ass
In the squadrons of the yellow and the blue

THE FORMATION

Here's health to the formation leader, a jolly good fellow is he
He uses three star navigation, and flies on Bacardi
Here's a health to the leaders two wingmen, to the gunner within Turdle
Here's a health to the whold damn formation, we'll fly reviews in hell

I'VE GOT SIX* PENCE

I've got six-pence, jolly jolly sixpence
I've got six-pence to last me all my life
I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend
And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife

No cares have I to grieve me
No pretty little girls to decieve me
I'm happy as a lark believe me
As we go rolling rolling home

Rolling home, rolling home
By the light of the silvery moon
Happy is the day, when the Air Force gets its pay
As we go rolling rolling home

PASDE CALAIS

How you can send me twice a day
To the Pasde Calais
But don't send me over the Ruhr
Send me to Paris or a target in France
Any old place that I might have a chance
You can send me twice a day
To the Pasde Calasi
But don't send me over the Ruhr

You may think I'm wackȳ
But I'm only slightly flaky
Bon't send me over the Ruhr
Now the alert's on the phone
And the target's Cologne
MY God, that's on the edge of the Ruhr

Send me to Bremen or old Potsdam town
Any place you can see through the flak to the ground
You can send me twice a day
To the Pasde Calais
But don't send me over the Ruhr
For even when I'm starting
K'm planning on aborting
Don't send me over the Ruhr

ODE TO THE B-29 (Tune- Whiffenpoof Song)

We are four little fans who have lost our way, GROWR, GROWR, GROWR
We are four little fans who have gone astray, GROWR, GROWR, GROWR
One third pilot out on the left, one third pilot out on the right
"George" is flying with all of his might, GROWR, GROWR, GROWR

PERRIN TO YOUNGSTOWN

Oh they sent me down to Perrin (or Tyndal)
Oh they sent me there to train
They taught me how to rocket
From an aeroplane

Then they sent me to youngstown
To be a tiger too
But all I get's a bunch of shit
Form you and you and you

I saw a fighter pilot
No smile upon his face
Then I heard him mutter
I hate this f_____place

IF YOU FLY

If you fly an 89, you must be dumb deaf and blind
For your life ain't worth a dime, what's your scheduled blow up time
Chorus:

Will you go boom today, will you go boom today
Two blew up yester day, Allison ain't here to stay

If you fly an 86, you must really get your kicks
Bouncing the all weather boys, playing with their radar toys

If you fly a 94, you will never holler more
For your lot we do not pine, it's better than an 89

If you fly a thunder-jet, you will really have no sweat
For your life you will not pound, the clunker won't get off the ground

TOO LONG AT ITAZUKE

Too long at Itazuke
Look just like a little gook
Eyes that slant, nose that's flat
Speak Japanese, "You caught a muskrat"
Me work in rice-paddy
Go Geisha house and drink sake
Me jo-jo Number One Japanese boy-san

SONG OF THE 18TH (Tune- Wreck of Old 97)

It's a long, long road from Pusan to Pyong-yang
And the mountains are high and wide
If my engine quits, you can write off a mustang
Cause K'm fixing to go over the side

Col. McBride led his boys on a mission
And the chinks started throwing up flak
He said, "Run em up boys, and we'll clean out our engines
And the drinks are on the last one to get back."

Close support is a damn fine sortie
Cause you work so close to the troops
You get hit twelve times by a 20 or a 40
and your engine coughs sputters and poops

So you hit the silk and you land in a meadow
And the chinks start blazing away
And a copter comes along and picks up your elbow
Registration boys will find the rest some day

It's a damn fine war and I love every mission
And I guess I'm here to stay
But I'd rather shag a broad by suggestive coition
Or catch the clap in old Sante Fe.

FLAK IN THE NIGHT

From Kunsan to Anju, from Pyongyang to Yangdok
Wherever the red trucks go
I've been on some tough routes, and had me some tough bouts
But there is one thing I know
The red balls will get you, they're worrisome things
That lead you to sing, the flak in the night

Hear the 8th a-calling, hear the 13th bawling
Dentist, oh dentist, oh bromide, oh bromide
Oh snowflake, oh give me a steer oh give me a fix
I'm lost in the night

THE INVADER

Oh the Invader is a very fine airplane
Constructed of steel and tin
It will do over three hundred level
The plane with the tail wind built in
Oh, why did I join the Air Force
Mother, dear Mother knew best
For here I lie in the wreckage
In bader all over my chest

THE FIGHTING 68TH (Tune- MacNamaras Band)

We're here to tell a story of squadron 68
Came over from Ashia to join the fighting eighth
They're sitting here before us, tapping up the brew
They don't belong in a fighter group, but what can Chitty do

Chorus: La da da da, What can he do
La da da da, What can he do
La da da da, What can he do
Oh they don't belong in a fighter group
But what can Chitty do

They fly their old night fighters, they take off after dark
They don't know where they're going, they're just up for a lark
They never brief, they always beef, fly strictly on a hunch
Their call should be "Banana" cause they fly in such a bunch

You know we also fly at night, thank God the times are few
We often hear night fighters saying, "Moonshine, is that you?"
"Moonshine, this is feminine, this is Feminine I say
Won't you tell those nasty shooting Stars to land they're in our way!"

RAIL CUTTERS
(Tune- Cold Cold Heart)

I tried so hard, Wild Bill, to cut
That streak of railroad track
But I'm afraid that all I did
Was dodge that flying flak
I know that one is all it takes
To blow my ass apart
Why con't I get just one rail cut
And melt your cold cold heart

MY DARING 39
(Tune- My Darling Clementine)

In the cockpit of the Cobra
Trying hard to reach the line
But alas my engine faltered
Fare thee well my 39

Chorus: Oh my darling, Oh my darling
Oh my darling 39
You are lost and gone forever
Fare thee well my 39

When you're spinning very flatly
And you've got a worried mind
That's all brother, hit the jumpsack
Bid farewell to you 39

All the brass hats in our congress
They have signed the dotted line
They are lucky they just bought it
They don't fly the 39

MOVIN ON

When you hear the patter of tiny feet, it's the 49th in full retreat
They're movin on, they'll soon be gone
They're pushed around just long enough, they're movin on

Hear the pitter-patter of the little feet, it's the first marines in full
They're movin on, they're movin on /retreat
They're burning gas they're hauling ass, they're movin on

Hey GI you pissed off at me, What's the matter you got no VD
I'm movin on, I'll soon be gone
Honey bucket turned over in the middle of the road, I'm movin on

Mama-san movin down the track, with a GI baby strapped on her back
She's movin on, she'll soon be gone
If she catches GI papa-san, He'll be movin on

(Con't next Page)

MOVIN ON (Con't)

Oh here come the Commies runnin down the pass
Playin the burp gun on a gyrene's ass
He's movin on, he's movin on
You've been flyin to high for this little ole guy
So I'm movin on

The ole houn dog was feelin fine, till he jumped in a barrel of turpentine
He's movin on, he's movin on
He crashed the gat like a P-38, but he's movin on

The old tom cat was feelin mean, till he caught his tail in a wewin
He's movin on, he's movin on /machine
He missed a stitch when he hit the ditch, but he's movin on

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes rum in the bathtub
My mother makes two kinds of gin
My sister makes love for a living
My God how the money rolls in

Chorus: Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in, rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in

My brother's a poor missionary
He saves little girlies from sin
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars
My God how the money rolls in

My uncle paints real frenchy postcards
My auntie she poses for him
Her costume cost nary a penny
My God how the money rolls in

I tried making all kinds of whiskey
I tried making all kinds of gin
I tried making love for a living
My God the Condition I'm in

Chorus #2: Sin, sin sin, sin, my God the condition I'm in, I'm in
Sin, sin, sin, sin, my God how the money rolls in

My father he died in his bathtub
My mother she died of her gin
My sister she married my brother
MY GOD WHAT A MESS I AM IN

RING DANG DOO

When I was young and sweet sixteen
I met a girl from New Orleans
Oh she was young and pretty too
She had what you call a ring-dang-doo

A ring-dang-doo, pray what is that
It's round and soft like a fussy cat
It's round and soft and split in two
That's what you call a ring-dang-doo

She took me down into the cellar
She said I was a very fine feller
She gave me wine and whiskey too
And she let me play with her ring-dang-doo

She took me up into her bed
She placed a pillow beneath my head
And then she took my hickey-floo
And placed it in her ring-dang-doo

Now six months later she began to swell
She swelled and swelled till she looked like hell
She told her ma and her father too
That I took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

Her father said you filthy whore
You've gone and lost your maidens lore
Pack up you bag and your nighty too
And make your living from your ring-dang-doo

She went to the city to become a whore
She hung a sign upon her door
Five dollars now nothing else will doo
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And the fellers came and the fellers went
And the price went down to fifteen cents
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And then one day a son of a bitch
He had the crabs and the jockey itch
He had the syph and diarrhea to
And he took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

They hung her tits in the city hall
They pickled her ass in alcohol
Now all you bums and hobo's too
You've heard my tale of the ring-dang-doo

So they buried her near the city hall
And they engraved upon the wall
She's learned her lesson and you should too
Just stay away from the ring-dang-doo

OLD GREY BUSTLE
(Tune- Old Grey Bonnet)

Put on your old grey bustle and get out and hustle
For tomorrow the rents coming due
Put your ass in clover let the boys look it over
If you can't get five take two

Put on those old pink panties that used to be your aunties
And we'll go for a tussel in the hay
Now there's no use duckin' cause you're gonna get a fuckin'
In the good old fashioned way

Put on your old grey corset if it won't fit force it
For the fleet is coming in today
As the bees make honey let your ass make money
In the good old fashioned way

Put on that old blue ointment the crabs dissapointment
And we'll kill those bastards where they lay
Though it scratches and it itches it will kill those sons of bitches
In the good old fashioned way

MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY
(Tune- Ghost Riders In the Sky)

An 86 got airborne on a dark and windy day
And as he raised his landing gear, you could hear the pilot pray
Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound
Don't let that fire go out, Dear Lord, till I am on the ground

Chorus: Yippi-i-o, yippi-i-a-a-a
Mach riders in the sky

Those flyin fiends are here to stay, it's said they're very mean
And all know we've been famous since 1917
Though we may work on holidays, and weekends just the same
Those pukin' pups make history, Oh bless that famous name

As our 86's leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame
The pilots they all go through hell, but fly in just the same
The crew chiefs work their asses off to keep em flyin high
And watch with satisfaction as their plane goes screaming by

Day and night our pilots fight to live up to their name
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on to fame
They're going to fly forever in that range up there on high
The cuss and cry, "Live or die," MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY

THE THING

I've flown around for many a year, from Berlin to Taegu
But never a thing I saq like the thing, crüising along the Yalu
I was tooling up and down one day, with nary a thought on my mind
When suddenly was this???, right up my behind
When suddenly was this???, right up my behind

I dropped my tanks and broke to the right, called help to my wingman
He took on look at the ???, and Hé turned around and ran
And then I called on another guy, known as Maple Red
But when her saw that ???, he ducked his nose and fled
But when he saw that ???, he ducked his nose and fled

And then there was this other bird, who yelled ge altitude
There may be more of those ???, and I've löst my fortitude
Then finally came this swept-wing thing, one of the famous fourth
He said I'll get that ???, his fifties spattered forth
He said I'll get that ???, his fifties spattered forth

And then I looked around again, and much to my surprize
I saw him clobber the ???, right before my eyes
The MIG blew up went down in flames, his comrades followed suit
Because of the guy in the ???, who knew just when to shoot
Because of the guy in the ???, who knew just when to shoot

Now all you juckeys of eighty-fours, here's my advise to you
Never go cruising up and down, north of Sinanju
Unless you've got the Famous Fourth, hovering over you
Cause they'll take care of the ???, they know just what to do
Cause they'll take care of the ???, they know just what to do

THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE BREAKING UP

Not a soul down on the corner
It's a pretty certain sign
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine

All the boys are singing love songs
They've forgot Sweet Adeline
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine

There goes Jack, there goes Jill
Down through lovers lane
Now and then, we meet again
But they don't seem the same

Gee I get that lonesome feeling
When I hear those church bells chime
Theose wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine

DOODLE-LEE-DOO

Please sing to me that sweet melody
Called Doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
I like the rest but the part I like best
Is doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
Simplest thing, there isn't much to it
All you got to do is doodle-lee-doo it
I love it so, wherever I go
I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo

Two little lovers, under the covers
What'll they do, doodle-lee-doo
I would suggest that they should undress
And doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
Cherries are red, ready for plucking
I'm sixteen and I'm feady for highschool
I love it so, wherever I go
I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo

Please do to me what you did to Marie
Last saturday night, saturday night
It must have been real, cause I heard Marie squeal
Last saturday night, saturday night
Don't know what, what you were doin
Somebody said you were doodle-lee-doo in
I love it so, wherever I go
I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo

Miss Emma Snow went out on a show
Called doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
She made a hit just playing her bit
In doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
Twenty four hours, that's all there was to it
How in this world did she doodle-lee-doo it
Got a Rolls Royce, but not by her voice
But doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo

BALL OF YARN

Twas a sunny day in June all the flowers were in bloom
The birds were singing gaily on the farm
When I spied a maiden fair and I said unto her there
Let me wind up your little ball of yarn

She said sir can't you see you're a stranger to me
But follow me out behind the barn
There's a shady little nook beside the babbling brook
Where you can wind up my little ball of yarn

Now young man take my advice never stay out late at night
And you'll never lose your cherry or you charm
Be like the bluebird and the robin keep your little P from bobbin'
And you'll never wind up that little ball of yarn

SING US ANOTHER ONE

There was a young man from Boston
Who traded his car for an Austin
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost em

Chorus: That was a very fine song
Sing us another one
Just like the other one
Sing us another one, do

There was a young man from Dundee
Who buggered an ape in a tree
The result was most horrid, all ass and no forehead
Three balls and a purple goatee

There was a young man from Kildair
Who buggered his girl on the stairs
The bannister broke, he doubled his stroke
And finished her off in mid air

There was a young queer from Khartuom
Who took a young lesbian to his room
They argued all night, as to who had the right
To do what, with which, and to whome

There was a professor from the Mall
Who possessed a cylindrical ball
The cube root of its weight, plus his penis, plus eight
Was one half of two thirds of fuck all

There was a young girl from St Paul
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball
Her dress caught on fire, and burned her entire
Front page, sports section and all

There was a young lady from Wheeling
Who had a peculiar feeling
She laid on her back, and tickled her crack
And pissed all over the ceiling

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose dick was so long he could suck it
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin
If my ear were a cunt I could fuck it

There once was a young man from Kent
Whose dick was so long that it bent
To save himself trouble, he put in in double
And instead of coming, he went

There once was a man of class
Whose balls were made of brass
When they swung together, they played stormy weather
And lightening shot out of his ass

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (Con't)

There was a young man from Sparta
Who was the worlds champion farter
On the strength of one bean, he played God Save the Queen
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata

There once was a man from Rangoon
Who was born by the light of the moon
He had not the luck, to be born by a fuck
But was a wet dream scooped up in a spoon

There once was a boy from Baclaridge
And he was his parents disparage
He sucked off his brother, and went down on his mother
And ate up his sisters miscarriage

There once was a pilot from K-2
Who buggered a girl down in Taegu
He said to the Doc, as he handed him his cock
Will I lose both my testicles too

There once was a man from Trieste
Who loved his wife with a zest
Despite all her howls, he sucked out her bowles
And desposited the mess on her breast

In the garden of Eden sat Adam
With his hand on the butt of his madam
He chuckled with mirth, for he knew on this earth
There were only two balls and he had em

There was an old hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said I'll admit, I'm a bit of a shit
But think of the money I save

There once was a girl from France
Who boarded a train by chance
The engineer fucked her, and so'd the conductor
And the brakeman went off in his pants

There once was a girl named Alice
Who used a dynamite stick for a fallice
They found her vagina, in south carolina:
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas

There once was a man from Bombay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
The heat of his prick, turned the clay into brick
And rubbed all his foreskin away

There once was a girl named Gail
Between her tits was the price of her tail
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind
Was the same information in braile

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (Con't)

There once was a girl from the Azores
Whose cunt was all covered with sores
The dogs in the street, would not eat the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers

There was a young girl from Peru
Who said as the Bishop withdrew
The Vicar is quicker, he's also a lick
And considerably thicker than you

There was a young priest from Dundee
Who went in the garden to pee
He said Pax Wo Biscum, I can't make the piss come
I guess I've got C L A P

There was a young girl named Myrtle
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle
The results of the fuck, was two eggs and a duck
Which proved that the turtle was fertile

There was a young man from Nottingham
Who stood on the bridge at Buckingham
Just watching the stunts, of the cunts and the punts
And the tricks of the pricks that were fukingham

An Argentine Gaucho named Bruno
Said fucking is one thing I do know
All women are fine, and sheep are devine
But llamas are numero uno

There was a young man from New Brighton
Who said my dear you've a tight one
Said she pon my soul, you have the worng hole
It's the one up in front that's the right one

There was a man from St James
Who played most unusual games
He lit a match, to his grandmother snatch
And laughed as she pissed through the flames

There once was a man named McGruder
Who wooed a nude in Bermuda
Now the nude thought it crude, to be wooed in the nude
But McGruder was cruder, he screwed her

There was a young man from Kieth
Who skined back pricks with his teeth
It wasn't for pleasure, he adopted this measure
But for the cheese he found underneath

There was a young lass named Alice
Who peed in the Archbishops chalice
It was not from relief, as the the belief
But purely from prodestant malice

SING US ANOTHER ONE DC (Con't)

There was a young bishop from Birmingham
Who diddled the nuns while confirmen' em
He brought them indoors, slipped down their drawers
And slipped his Episcopal worm in 'em

There was a young man from Brock
Who tied a violin string to his cock
With just one erection, he could play a selection
From Johann Sebastian Bach

There was a young lady from Ransom
Who had it three times in a hansom
When she cried for more, a voice from the floor
Cried my name is Simpson, not Sampson

WEST VIRGINIA HILLS

In the hills of West Virginia, lives a girl named Nancy Brown
Ain't never seen such beauty, in city or in town
Now Nancy and the Deacon climbed the mountain come high noon
And when they reached the summit, it was very very soon

Oh she came rollin down the mountain, rollin down the mountain
Rollin down the mountain by the dam
And in spite of all his urgin, she remained the local virgin
And is just as pure as west virginia ham

Now along came a trapper, Henderson by name
He took our little Nancy, and the story's just the same

She came rollin down the mountain rollin down the mountain
Rollin down the mountain by the shack
And in spite of his urgin, she remained the local virgin
And is just as pure as Pappy's applejack

But along came a slicker, with his hundred dollar bills
He took our little nancy, a way up in the hills

And then she stayed up in the mountains, stayed up in the mountains
Stayed up in the mountains all that night
She came home next morning early, more a woman than a girlie
And her pappy kicked the hussy out of sight

Now she's livin in the city, livin in the city
Oh she's livin in the city mighty swell
She's done away with pots and kittles, and she's eatin fancy vittles
And those West Virginia hills can go to hell

But along came depression, took slicker by the pants
He had to sell his packard, had to give up little Nancy

So now she's back in West Virginia, back in West Virginia
Back in West Virginia as a yore
And the Deacon and the trapper, got that thing that they were after
And She's known as the West Virginia L A D Y

PISS ON _____

Let's all go down and piss on the _____
Piss on the _____, piss on the _____
Let's all go down and piss on the _____
Till they float away
Till they float away
Till they float away
Let's all go down and piss on the _____
Piss on the _____, piss on the _____
Let's all go down and piss on the _____
Till they float away

LILLI FROM PICCADILLY

Oh, I took a trip to london to look around the town
When I got to Piccadilly, the sun was going down
I've never seen such darkness; the night was black as pitch
When suddenly, in front of me, I thought I saw a witch

Thorus: Oh, it was Lilly, for Piccadilly
You know the one I mean, the one I mean
I'll spend each payday, that's my hey hey day
With Lilly, my blackout queen

Oh, I couldn't see her figure, I couldn't see her face
But if I ever meet her, I'll know her anyplace
I couldn't tell if she were blonde or a dark brunette
But gosh oh gee, did she give me, a thrill I won't forget

She said to me, Oh Yankee boy are you lonesome are you blue
Just step around the corner, I'll show you what I'll do
We went up some dark alley, I said, I love you kid
She said, Okay, but first you pay, so I gave her twenty quid

She leaned her back against the wall, I took her in my arms
She gave to me her very all, and all her buxum charms
I lost my head, I lost my heart, I even lost my hat
It was a shame, she should have been, a circus acrobat

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed
She was so very pleasant, I said some day we'd wed
She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice
Why what she did for twenty quid was sheap at half the price

FALSIES IN BRASSEIRES

There's nothing can be better than a girl that wears a sweater
Though she may not be as big as she appears
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brasseires

Her pullmonary muscles may resemble Janie Russels
And She'll say she got that way form drinking beers
They've got an awful lot for falsies in brasseires

So round---- so firm---- and so fully packed
You'll find it's really just an act
Give a girl a Bally bra and she will grow--grow--grow

Now I've made a careful study with the help of my best buddy
And a hundred thousand women volunteers
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brasseires

So fellows before you wed her, please investigate her sweater
Or you'll find your honeymoon will end in tears
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brasseires

LYDIA PINKAM

Chorus: Oh, we sing, we sing, we sing, of Lydia Pinkham, Pinkham,
And her love for the human race
A wonderful compound, a dollar a bottle
And every label bears her face

Now Mrs. Murphy, had husband trouble, she did not like to fiddle-de-dee
But after taking a bottle of compound, they had to tie her to a tree

Now Mrs. Murphy, had baby trouble, she could not have a baby dear
But she took, a bottle of compound, now she has them twice a year

Now Mrs. Murphy, had titty trouble, to feed her baby, she knew not how
But after taking a bottle of compound, they had to milk her like a cow

Now Mrs. Murphy, had kidney trouble, in the morning, she could not pee
But after taking a bottle of compound, they had to pipe her out to sea

FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING

Twas on the good ship Venus, my God you should have seen us
The figure head was a whore in bed, and the mast a rampant penis

Chorus: Frigging in the rigging, frigging in the rigging
Frigging in the rigging, there's fuck all else to do

The captain of this lugger, he was a dirty bugger
He wasn't fit to shovel shit, from one place to another

The first mate's name was Morgan, my God was he a gorgon
Ten times a day he used to play, upon his sexual organ

The second mate's name was Andy, he was so young and randy
They boiled his bun in steaming rum, for coming in the brandy

The Midshipman's name was Nipper, he was a dirty ripper
He filled his ass with broken glass, and circumcised the skipper

The captain's wife was Mable, when ever she was able
She'd fornicated with the second mate, upon the galley table

The captain had a daughter, who fell into the water
Delighted squeals revealed the eels, had found her sexual quarter

The crew they were hard cases, you could see it in their faces
They took to frigging in the rigging, for want of better places

So drunk with exultation, we reached our China station
And sunk a junk in a sea of spunk, caused by mutual masturbation

OLD GREEN RIVER

I was floating down that old Green River
On the good ship rock and rye
But I floated too far
Got stuck on a bar

Out there alone, wishing that I were home
The ship went down with the captain and crew
It left me only one thing to do
I had to drink that old green river dry
To get back home to you

VIOLATE ME

Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know
To the best things in life
I am utterly oblivious
Give me a life that is lewd and lascivious
Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know
Ravage me, savage me
Utterly damage me
On me no mercy bestow
Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know

THE WOODPECKER (Tune- Dixie)

Oh, I stuck my finger in a woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said god bless your soul
Take it out, take it out, take it out, remove it

So, I removed my finger from the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Put it back, put it back, put it back, replace it

I replaced my finger in the woodpeckers hole
The wood pecker said God bless my soul
Turn it around, turn it around, turnet around, revolve it

I revolved my finger in the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said Gol bless my soul
In- and-out, In-and-out, in-and-out, reciprocate it

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker asid God bless my soul
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out, retract it

I retracted my finger from the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Take a smell, take a smell, take a smell, revolting

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the ocean
And I were a whale I would teach the emotion

Chorus: Oh roll your leg over, Oh roll your leg over
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon

Oh, if all little girls were like bells in the tower
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the river
And I were a sandbar I'd sure make them quiver

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep in the pasture
And I were a ram I'd make them run faster

Oh, if all little girls were like little white rabbits
And I were a hare I would teach them bad habits

Oh, if all little girls were like little red vixens
And I were a fox I surely would fix 'em

Oh, if all little girls were like Hedy Lamarr
I'd try twice as hard and get twice as far

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in the clover
And I were a bull I would case them all over

Oh, if all little girls were like little white flowers
And I was a bee I would buzz them for hours

Oh, if all little girls were like little white chickens
And I was a rooster I'd give them the dickens

Oh, if all little girls were like little ole turtles
And I was a turtle I'd get in their girdles

Oh, if all little girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee
And I were her G-String Oh boy what I'd see

Oh, if all little girls were like nurses who would
And I were a doctor I would if I could

Oh, if all little girls were like bricks in a pile
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style

Oh, I wish that all girls were like fish in a pool
And I were a chap with a waterproof tool

OH IT'S BEER BEER BEER

Oh it's beer, beer, beer,
That makes you want to cheer
In the Corps, in the Corps
Oh it's beer, beer, beer,
That makes you want to cheer
In the US Air, U.S. Air Force

Chorus: My eyes are dim, I cannot see
I have not brought my specs with me

Whiskey- That makes you feel so friskey
Gin- That makes you want to sin
Vodka- That makes you feel you oughta
Sautern- That makes your belly burn
Vermouth- That makes you feel uncouth
Bourbon- That makes you feel like chirpin
Wine- That makes you feel so fine
Rum- That makes you feel so dumb
Rye- That makes you feel so sly
Brandy- That makes you feel so dandy
Likker- That makes you ever sicker
Sherry- That makes you feel so hairy

THE B-36

The B-36 flies at 40,000 feet, The B-36 flies at 40,000 feet
The B-36 flies at 40,000 feet,
But it only carries on little teensie weensie bomb
Tons and tons of ammunition, tons and tons of ammunition
Tons and tons of ammunition,
But it only carries one little teensie weensie bomb

THE PRETTIEST GIRL I EVER SAW

The prettiest girl I ever saw
Was sipping bourbon through a straw
The prettiest girl I ever saw
Was sipping bourbon through a straw

And now and then the straw would slip
And K'd sip bourbon through her lips

And now I've got a mother in law
From sipping bourbon through a straw

The moral of this story's clear
Don't sip a bourbon, sip a beer

KIMPO SONATA

Oh I was sent to Nellis, I was sent to train
I learned how to bomb and strafe, from and aeroplane
Oh I was sent to Kimpo, to be a killer too
But all I git is a bunch of shit from you and you and you
I knew a fighter pilot, no smile upon his face
And many's the time I heard him say
I HATE THIS FUCKING PLACE

OH THE 335TH IS A VERY FINE SQUADRON (Tune- Old 97)

Oh the 335th is a very fine squadron
Their pilots are all true blue
But they bring back drawere that smell like dogshit
From the dog-fights at old Sinanju

CDE TO THE JOC DUTY OFFICER

You ought to be dead you old bastard
You ought to be damned well shot
You ought to be tied to the door of a shit house
And left ther to damned well rot

I've sat in this damn cockp8t for hours and hours
I've stuck it as long as I could
I've stuck it and stuck it, so now I say fuck it
My ass hole's not made out of wood

FORESKIN FUGITIVES

Eyes right, assholes tight, foreskins to the front
We're the boys who make no noise, we're always chasing cunt
We are the fliers of the night, we'd rather fuck than fight
We are the foreskin fugitives

ICE ON THE RICE

When he ice is on the rice in olu Tsuiki
And the saki in the cellare atarts to freeze
When you turn to her and say, "My darling dozo"
Then you're turning just a skoshi Nipponese

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY (Tune- The Bells of St Mary)

The balls of O'Leary
Are wrinkled and weary
Are battered and tattered
Like the dome of St Paul

The people all muster to see that great cluster
Of the wonderful pair of O'Leary's balls

OF THE MISERY OF LIVING IN SIN

CHORUS

Oh the misery of livin in sin
If you keep on flyin, you're bound to spin in
If down fedela road you travel too far
Black Dragon You'll meet death at the Bar

Why I went over on PCS

To live in Morocco is anyones quess
To live in Morocco is anyones quess
Bittle did I know that life in Maroc
Could ruin a red bollded healthy hot rock

Chorus

I went to Fedela on bright sunny day
There were boucoup Fatimas to take all my pay
I picked out a clead one and gave her a go
Doc Brossi, Doc Brossi, Please say it ain't so.

Chorus

There were small ones and tall ones, and fat ones and thin ones
they washed it, kissed it, and then stuffed it in
They suck you, they fuck you, tie you nuts in a knot
If the vino doesn't kell you, you'll die of the rot.

Chorus

While sittin on five, you have fuck all to do
no Bogies, no strangers to shoot at for you
Don't sit with your thumb up your ass where it stinks
Call Randall for pidgeons direct to the Sphinx

Chorus

When the cob gets so hard that you can't force a pee
Don't sweat it Black Dragons, just listen to me
Go Down to Fedela with three mill on hand
Thirty minutes in heaven will wilt any man

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

Oh minstrels sing of a mighty king
Who - ny long years ago
Ruled his land with an iron hand
But his mind was weak and low

His only under clothing was
A filthy undershirt
It was long enough to hide his hide
But never to hide the dirt

He loved to hunt the royal stag
Within the royal wood
But the sport he loved the best of all
Was pulling the royal pud

Wild and wolly and full of fleas
his terrible tool bring down to his knees
God save the bastard king of England

Now the queen of Spain was a sprightly dame
And an amorous dame was she
And she loved to fool with the royal tool
From far acroos the sea

So she sent a special message
By a special messenger
And asked the royal bastardship
To spend the night with her

When Phillip of France heard this
He summoned his royal court
Said she prefers my rival
Just because my tool is short

So he sent the Duke of Slip and Slap
To give the queen a dose of clap
And thus avenged the bastard king of England

When news of this foul deed
Did reach fair England's halls
The king he swore by the shirt he wore
He'd have old Phillip's balls

So he offered a night with the sweet Hortense
To the man who'd nut the king of France
And thus avenge the bastard king of England

Up spoke the duke of Suffolk
He took himself to France
Declared himself a flutter
The king took down his pants

He dropped a thong aroung his dong
Jumped on his horse and galloped along
And thus avenged the bastard king of England

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND (Con't)

Now Phillip assumed a royal stance
And groveled on the floor
For during the ride his royal pride
Had stretched a yard or more

And all the girls in England
Came down to London town
And shouted around the castle
To hell with Englands crown

So Phillip assumed the throne
His scepter was the royal bone
With which he downed the bastard king of England

ASS HOLES ARE CHEAP TODAY

Ass holes are cheap today
Cheaper than yesterday
Little boys cost half a crown
Standing up or lying down
Larger boys cost seven and six
Cause they take bigger pricks
Ass holes are cheap
Are cheap today

THREE WHORES FROM CANADA JUNCTION

Three whores walked down from Canada Junction
Full of brandy and wine
The topic of conversation was
Your cunts no bigger than mine

Chorus: Roly poly tickle my holey
Slippery slimey slue
Rattle your nuts across my guts
I'm one of the whorey crew

The first old whore got up and said
My cunt's as big as the air
The birds fly in and birds fly out
And never touch a hair

The second old whore got up and said
My cunt's as big as the moon
A man went in in January
and didn't come out till June

The third old whore got up and said
Man you're all talking balls
Cause when I have my period
It's like Niagara Falls

SALOME

Down our street, we had a merry party
Everybody there was oh so gay and hearty
Talk about a treet, we ate all the meat
And we drank all the beer
In the boozier down the street

There was ald Uncle Joe, fair fucked up
We locked him in the cellar with the old bull pup
Little sonny Jim, tried to get it in
With his ass hole winking at the moon

Oh, Salome, Salome
Your should see Salome
Standing there, with her ass all bare
Waiting for someone to slide it in there
To slide it, and glide it
Right up her fucking chute
Two brass balls and a prick of steel
And a foreskin, full of shit

She's a big fat cow, twice the size of me
Hairs on her belly like the branches of a tree
She can jump fight fuck
Wheel a barrow push a truck
That's my girl Salome

On Monday night, she takes it up the back
On Tuesday night, she takes in all the slack
On Wednesday night, she had a spell
On Thursday night, she fucks like hell
On Friday night, she takes it up her nose
In between her fingers and down between her toes
On Saturday night, she dishes out gams
And she goes to church on Sunday
She just wants me for a sunbeam
And a fucking fine sunbeam I'll be

GOING HOME

(Tune - Out On the Texas Plains)

I'm gonna head my ship into the wide blue sea
With my nose into the West
I'm gonna find a gal that was made for me
I'm gonna give her all my best

I'm gonna head my ship toward that old West coast
Round Long Beach and L.A.
And when we all get home we will drink a toast
To those long forgotten days

I'm gonna fly all day, I'm gonna fly all night
Toward that setting sun
And when that good coast line looms into sight
My work has just begun

(Con't)

GOING HOME (Con't)

I'M gonna find a gal that just don't give a darn
I'M gonna love her night and day
And if she says no no I'm gonna twist her arm
Cause I'm gonna get my way

I'm gonna drink myself into a total wreck
I'm gonna love until I die
I got a pilots mind and a flyer's rep
I couldn't be good if I tried

So won't you just relax
For there is one more verse of the things I'm gonna do
I know that times are bad, but they could be worse
So here's my parting word to you

I'll ne'er forget this war until the day I die
Cause it's changed my life's flight plan
And when my days are over and my time draws nigh
I'm gonna die drunk if I can

RIO RIO RIO

Chorus: Rio, Rio, Rio, Rio, Jesus christ how I feel
Fresh from a shore house, prick full of steel
That's my organ grinder

Laid her in her fathers hall
Spread her ass from hall to hall
Shoved it up into her gall
With my old organ grinder

Fucked her in her fathers bed
Shoved it up into her head
Fucked that girl till she was dead
With my old organ grinder

Followed her to the burial ground
Just to go another round
Fucked her as they lowered her down
With my old organ grinder

Some folks say I am a knave
Say that I do not behave
Cause I jacked off on her grave
With my old organ grinder

OH MY GOD

Oh my God, we've all done wrong
We've all been drunk for so GOD DAMN long
And we don't give a Jesus if it rains, hails or freezes
Let the old man say what he GOD DAMN pleases
We're just a bunch of shitsters, a bunch of booze histers
FIGHTER PILOTS ALL

IN FLIGHT REFUELING
(Tune - Strawberry Rhone)

(W.S. Starr)

Oh come fighter pilots, both young and old
And I'll tell you a story, that'll make you turn cold
A story of tankers, and a flight out to sea
And I hate to tell you what they did to me

Oh we took off from George, oh so early one morn
The weather was balmy, but not really warm
We soon left the coast line, and headed to sea
And for the last time land I did see

Oh we flew on for hours, it seemed like more
We flew and we flew, till my butt it got sore
And we finally got to that point far from land
Where there were supposed to be tankers at hand

But yes, you have guessed it, no one was there
Nothing around, but ocean and air
We called and we called, but it was in vain
There was nobody out there to refuel my plane

Oh we circled and circled, and hollered for gas
The pain was begining, to leave my ass
'Twas begining to pucker, and turn a dull hue
When finally a tanker came into view

Well bygones were bygones, and we didn't bitch
We just latched onto, that sonofabitch
What ho, called the scanner, "It's under your wing
If you don't hook up, you likely will ding!"

Well I stabbed and I stabbed, and I stabbed some more
But I couldn't hit, that dirty old whore
I looked at my gas gauge, and it was down low
I backed off again, and tried it real slow

So I tried it real slow boys, but that didn't work
So I tried again fast, what a hell of a jerk
The funnel it hit me, one hell of a blow
As I looked at the cold water down there below

I looked at that water, so cold and so chilled
And I thought to myself, I'll soon be killed
So I'd better hook up, and take on some fuel
Cause that water below looks uncomfortably cool

So I finally did it, I hit that damn hose
I hit that old funnel, rights square on the nose
The engineer said, "Sir, your taking on fuel"
But the bastard was lying, the dirty old fool

I called that damn scanner, said, "Turn on the gas
I can't wait much longer, or I'll bust my ass."
He looked up from his paper, and said with a grin
"You know there are days sir, when you just can't win"

IN FLIGHT REFUELING (Cont)

That's the end of my story, I'm sorry to say
That old F-100, lies out in the bay
But I'll have my vengeance, you can bet your life
Cause there's one tanker pilot, that I'm gonna knife

I LOVE OLD WING OPS AND FLYING SAFETY
(Tune- Dear Hearts and Gentle People)

I Love old Wing Ops, and Flying Safety
There're nothing but hot air
But if you bust one, and hit the barrier
You know damn well that they'll be there

I read my dash one, from dawn till sunset
But it don't go so well
For when the board meets, and I go up there
I know they're going to give me hell

I feel so helpless, each time I try to fly
For I know they'll watch each move I make
And so it's Wing Ops, and Flying Safety
Watching every rule I break

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head
Wherever I may roam
On land or sea or foam
You will always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home

Indicate the way to my abode
I'm fatigued and want to retire
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago
And it went right to my cerebellum
Wherever I may perambulate
On land or sea or atmospheric vapor
You can always hear me crooning this melody
Indicate the way to my abode

BUDDY

BUDDY, BUDDY, have a good time
Stay in bed till half past nine
Drink your drink and flub your dub
86th Fighter Country Club

LEE'S HOOCHIE
(Tune-On Top of Old Smokey)

I went to Seoul City, and met a Miss Lee
Se said for a short time, oh come sleep with me
We went to Lee's hoochie, A room with hot floors
I left my shoes outside, and slid shut the door

She took off her long johns, and rolled out the pad
I gave her ten thousand, 'twas all that I had
Her breath smelles of kimchie, her bosoms were flat
No hair on her pussy, now what about that

I asked to go benjo, she led me outside
I reached for old smokey, he crawled back inside
I rushed to the medics, cried, "What shall I do"
The doc was dumfounded, old smokey was blue

Now when you're in Seoul City, on your next three day pass
Don't go to Lees Hoochie, sit flat on your ass
Now your ass may get blistered, and Lee may tempt you
But better the red ass, that old smokey blue

COCAINE SUE

Oh morphine Bill and Cocaine Sue
Truckin' down the avenue

Chorus: Oh honey have a sniff, have a sniff on me
Honey have a sniff on me

Now right on Broadway, left on main
To get a shot of old cocaine

Now in that drugstore hung a sign
We ain't got no more morphine

In a graveyard on a hill
Lies the remains of Morphine Bill

And in that graveyard by his side
Lie the remains of his cocaine bride

Now the moral of this story just goes to show
There ain't no fun in sniffin' snow

HONEY

Oh, Honey, Honey, Bless your heart
Cause you're the honey that I love so well
My heart beats true, sweetheart for you
Cause you're the honey that I love so well

THE COED AND THE CADET

The Coed and the Cadet were courting I declare
Down by the gate they didn't know that I was there
Oh the Coed she was bashful and the Cadet he was shy
He asked her if he could and this was her reply

You can do it if you wanna
But you'd better do it right
You'd better not do it
Like you did the other night
Cause if you do, I'm telling you
I'll never let you do it again
I really mean it
I'll never let you kiss me again

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

A man without a woman
Is like a ship without a sail
Is like a boat without a rudder
Like a kite without a tail

A man without a woman
Is like a shipwreck on the sand
But if there's one thing worse in the universe
It's a woman without a man

For you can roll a silver dollar
Cross the bar room floor
And it will roll, because it's round
And a woman never knows what a good man she's got
Until she turns him down

So honey listen, now honey listen to me
I want you to understand
That a silver dollar goes from hand to hand
While a woman goes from man to

RED SCARFS (Tune-Strawberry Blonde)

Now the 12th Fighter Squadron they don't show me much
While the Red scarfs fly
Their technique is bad and their bombing is sad
While the Red Scarfs fly

Their guns are corroded, their pilots are loaded
Their cockpits are covered with dust
They fly for awhile, but they ain't got no style
While the Red Scarfs fly

THE CHEETAS

Oh it is easy to see it's not the roosters
For the roosters only crow
And it is easy to see it's not the cobras
For the cobra never put on such a wonderful show
Oh it is easy to see it's not the foxes
For the foxes are too few
Oh it's easy to see, who else could it be
But the Cheetas, every time

DO YOU KNOW MY SISTER TILLY

Do you know my sister Tilly
She's a whore on Piccadilly
Add my mother is the same upon the strand
Add my father sells his ass hole
At the Elephant and Castle
We're the finest whoring family in the land

When you wake up in the morning
With your hands upon your knees
Add the shadow of your penis on the wall
And the hair a-growing thick
Between your ass hole and your prick
And the rats are playing snooker with your balls

MUSTANG'S RUN BY MERLIN

Mustang's run by Merlin, and Merlin's run by me
I am run by (Sq CO), and he can climb a tree
Oh we'll all hang old (Sq CO) to the top of a pole
And we'll all be home by Christmas
In a pigs ass hole
(Sq CO) is run by (Wg CO), and (Wg CO) run by (AD CO)
(AD CO) run by (AF CO), and (AF CO) knows where he can go
Oh we'll hang old (AF CO) to the top of the pole
And we'll all be home by Christmas
In a pigs ass hole

THE CANDLE SONG

All the nice girls love a candle
Cause a candle has a wick
And there's something about a candle
That reminds them of a prick
Nice and greasy, slips in easy
It's the maidens pride and joy
You can hear them sing and shout
As they pop it in and out
Ship Ahoy, Ship Ahoy.

ARIGATO FOR THE MEMORIES
(Tune-Thanks for the Memories)

Arigato for the memories
Of train wrecks on the line
Of Ginza marts and honey carts
Arigato, so much

Arigato for the memories
Of steaks we couldn't eat
Old left over meat
Of powdered milk and girls in silk
Kimonas on the street
Arigato, so much

Few are the times we've feasted
And many's the time we've fasted
R and R's were swell while they lasted
We didn't have fun, and no harm done

So Arigato for the memories
Of special Allied cars
All the different bars
Of whiskey cokes and dirty jokes
And undeserved D.R.'s
Arigato, so much

Arigato for the memories
Of dead fish on the shore
Nats bechid the door
The Kamakura Buha and brocades that we all wore
Arigato so much

Arigato for the memories
Of snacks at the PX
All those talks on sex
The broken bones we suffered, in Takusan jeepo wrecks
Arigato so much

We say hello with martini's
We'll say sayonara with saki
The Japs won't forget all that khaki
Honshu's not the same, but we're glad we came
Arigato so much

Arigato for the memories
Of lanterns after dark
Rickshaws in the park
The funny names, the baseball games
We really left out mark
So Arigato, so much

AURALEE

As the blackbirds in the spring
Neath the willow tree
Sat a piped the song they sang
Singing Auralee

Auralee--Auralee--Maid with the golden hair
Sunshine came along with thee
And shadows in your hair

TELL ME WHY

Tell me why, the ivy twines
Tell me why, the stars do shine
Tell me why, the ocean's blue
I'll tell you why, it's because I love you

Because God made, the ivy twine
Because God made, the stars to shine
Because God made, the oceans blue
Because God made you, is why I love you

BATTLE HYMN

(Tune-Battle Hymn of the Republic)

We fly our fucking Sabres at 10,000 fucking feet
We fly our fucking Sabres through the rain and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying south
We're flying fucking north
And we make our fucking landfall on the firth of fucking forth

Chorus: Glory, glory halleluia, Glory, Glory, Halleluia
Glory, Glory, Halleluia, (Insert last line each verse)

We fly those fucking Sabres at fuck all 1,000 feet
We fly those fucking Sabres through the trees and corn and wheat
And though we think we fly with skill
We fly with fucking luck
But we don't give a fucking damn or care a fucking fuck

We fly those fucking Sabres at 10,000 feet
We fly those fucking Sabres through the rain and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying up
We're flying fucking down
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground.

SPANISH GUITAR

Oh the first port of call it was Aden, Aden
Where the girls wouldn't screw, but we made 'em, Made 'em

Chorus: Three dollars you pay, for a bang up each way
And a tune on a Spanish Guitar plink, plink, plink
Singing Hi-ziggy-ziggy, fuck a little piggy sideways
Swish, Swish
My idea of a woman is a big fat whore
Shit-bang, Fuck-stick
Three dollars you pay, for a bang up each way
And a tune on a Spanish Guitar plink, plink, plink

Oh the next port of call it was Boston, Boston
Where the girls wouldn't screw, but we forced 'em, forced 'em

Oh the next port of call it was Malta, Malta
Where the girls wouldn't, but ought'a, ought'a

Oh the next port of call it was Suwon, Suwon
Where the girls they would do it for two won, two won

TALL GRASS

In the tall tall grass
Young Mary lay a-sleeping
When out of the tall grass
A pilot came a-creeping
With his long dingle dangle dinging
Right down to his knee

Three months have gone by
Young Mary she grew bolder
She wished that the pilot
Would come and do it over
With his long dangle dingle dangling
Right down to his knee

Six months have gone by
And Mary she grew fatter
The neighbors did wonder
Just who had been at her
With his long dingle dangle dinging
Right down to his knee

Nine months have gone by
And Mary burst asunder
And out jumped a pilot
With his 67th number
With his skoshe dangle dingle dangling
Right down to his knee

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN

The maid of the mountain
She pisses like a little fountain
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo
Hang down to her knees

One black one, one white one
And one with a little shit on
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo
Hang down to her knees

I've been there, I've seen it
I've been right between it
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo
Hang down to her knees

I've smelt it, I've felt it
And it feels just like velvet
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo
Hang down to her knees

I've tangled, I've dangled
I've fucking near got strangled
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo
Hang down to her knees

BYE BYE BLACKBIRD (Tune-Bye Bye Blackbird)

There was a man, he was no good
He took a girlie in the wood
He flies mustangs
Then he took off all her clothes
And her shoes, and herhose
He flies Mustangs
He took her where nobody else could find her
Took a string and tied her hands bechind her
Walked away and began to sing
Began to sing, ting-a-ling
Mustangs, I fly

SEPBSQA

(Don't ask me what it means, I don't know either)

Oh, I loved her and I kissed her in the moonlight
And the moon shone bright all day
Oh, I loved her and I kissed her in the moonlight
And the moon shone bright all day
Gol darn that moon

MINNIE THE MERMAID

Many's the night I spent with Minnie the Mermaid
Down at the bottom of the sea
Minnie lost her morals, down there among the corals
Gee, but she was mighty nice to me
Now's many's the night with the pale moon shining
Down on her seaweed bungalow
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Two twin beds and only one of them mussed

Now you can easily see, she's not my mother
Because my mother's forty nine
And you can easily see, she's not my sister
Because I wouldn't show my sister
such a hell-uv-a good time
And you can easily see, she's not my sweetheart
Because my sweetheart's too refined
She's just a peach of a kid
She never knew what she did
She's just a personal friend of mine

TWO LADIES WERE CONFIDING (Tune- River Shannon Flows)

Two ladies were confiding
On a streetcar where they were riding
Oh they must have been school teachers
Their conversation ran that way
One said, How many children have you
She replied, I've thirty thank you
And when the same was asked the other
She said I've thirty two
An old, Irish Lady, seated across the aisle
Said I heard your conversation
And I greet you with a smile
You must have been grand ladies
To have had so many babies
But your husbands must have come from
Where our River Shannon flows

MOTHER HUMPERS BALL (Tune- Darktown Strutters Ball)

Oh there's gonna be a ball at the Mother Humpers Hall
The witches and the bitches gonna be there all
Now honey don't be late, cause they're passin out pussy, bout half
Now I've humped in France and I've humped in Spain /past eitht
I've even been humped on the coast of Maine
But the best piece I ever saw
Was when I humped my mother in law
Last Saturday night at the Mother Humpers Ball

GLORIOUS

Now the first thing they prayed for
They prayed for their king
Glorious, glorious, glorious king
If he have one son, may he also have ten
May he have a fuckin army, cried the airmen Amen

Chorus: Now the Squadron Leader and the Wing Commander
And the Group Captain too
Hands in their pockets with fuck all to do
Robbing the pay of the poor Acey-Due
May the lord shit you sideways
Cried the airmen fuck you

Now the next thing they prayed for
They prayed for their Queen
Glorious, glorious, glorious Queen
If she have one daughter, may she also have ten
May we have a fuckin harem, cried the Airmen Amen

Now the next thing they prayed for
They prayed for their beer
Glorious, glorious, glorious, geer
If we have one beer, may we also have ten
May we have a fuckin brewery, cried the airmen Amen

DRUNK

Drunk last night, drunk the night before
Gonna get drunk tonight, as I've never been drunk before
Cause when I'm drunk, I'm as happy as can be
Cause I am a member of the souse family

Now the souse family is the best family
That ever came over from Old Germany
There's the Highland Dutch, and the Lowland Dutch
The Rotterdam Dutch and the Goddamn Dutch

Siging Glorious, Glorious
One keg of beer for the four of us
Glory be to God that there are no more of us
For one of us could drink it all alone, Damn Near
Here's to the Irish, , dead drunk-----The lucky stiff

HARRIGAN

H--A, double R--I, G--A--N spells Harrigan
Sure I'm proud of all the Irish that's in me
And a devil a man can say a word agin' me
H--A, double R--I, G--A--N, you see
That's a name to which no shame has ever
been connected with Harrigan, that's me

KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR

I left the canteen early, it was shortly after nine
And by a stroke of fortune, her room was next to mine
Like any brave "Columbo" with regions to explore
I took up my position by the keyhole in the door

CHORUS:

Oh, the keyhole in the door, oh, the keyhole in the door
I took up my position by the keyhole in the door.

She crossed over to the fireplace her lovely figure to warm
With only a silken nightgown to hide her gorgeous form
I prayed that she would take it off, just that and nothing more,
By God, I saw her do it through the keyhole in the door.

That after many a pounding upon that paneled door
And after many a pleading, I crossed that threshold floor
So no one would ever see what I had seen before
I hung her silken nightgown over the keyhole in the door.

That night I slept in clover and other things besides
And on that snow-white bosom I had a wonderful time
I awoke next morning early, my back it was sore
You'd think I'd been crawling through the keyhole in the door.

WHIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Maury's
To the place where Louie dwells,
To the dear old Temple Bar we loved so well
Sit the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high,
And the magic of their singing casts a spell.
Yes, the magic of their singing
Of the songs we love so well,
"Shall I wasting" and "Mavourneen" and the rest.
We will serenade our Louie,
While life and voices shall last,
And in passing be forgotten with the rest.
We are poor little lambs who have lost our way,
Baa, baa, baa.
We are little black sheep who have gone astray,
Baa, baa, baa.
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree,
Dammed from here to eternity.
God have mercy on such as we,
Baa, baa, baa.

LAST NIGHT

(Tune, Finicule-Finecula)

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate.
If felt so good--I knew it would
Last night I stayed up late to beat my meat.
It felt so nice--I did it twice.

You should really see me on the short strokes;
It feels so grand, I use my hand.
You must really catch me on the long strokes;
It feels so neat, I use my feet.

Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor;
Smash it, bash it, thrust it through the door;
Some people seem to think that fucking's grand,
But for all around enjoyment I prefer to use my hand.

SIXTEEN TIMES

(Tune, "Sixteen tons")

Some people say a man is made out of fear,
But a fighter pilot's made out of whiskey and beer--
Whiskey and beer, rum and gin
If you fly the dot you're sure to spin in.

CHORUS:

You fly sixteen times, what d' you get,
Anoth r day older and your weapon is bent.
Col. Donaldson don't you call me, I'm weak and lame
I lost my ass in a poker game.

I awoke one morning when the sun didn't shine,
Got my 'chute and went down to the line---
Down to the line to fly the "D"
But it was raining so hard I couldn't see.

I scrambled one morning with blood in my eye,
I'd had my fill of Overholt Rye---
Shot sixteen holes in a T-33
They're going to hang my ass from a coconut tree.

When you see me coming better break to the right
'Cause the 26th Fighter had a party last night--
My eyeballs are red an' I'm mean as a bear,
Believe me SAMAP better clear the air.

LEADER OF THE GROUP

Oh, My name is Col Sweat and
I'm the leader of the group
Come into Operations and
I'll give you all the poop

I'll show you where the enemies at
and where the flak is black

For I'm the last one off the ground
And I'm the first one back.

Early aborts, Avoid the rush

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

I used to work in Chicago, in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't any more
A lady came in, she asked for a hat
I asked her what kind she adored
Felt she said, and felt her I did
I did but I don't any more

Cake - Layer	Glue - Paste	Food - Pet
Lamp - Floor	Cream - Massage	Razor - Injector
Birds - Love	Girdle - Rubber	Scafr - Neck

IT'S TRAGIC

You smile your teeth fall out, your hair smells like sauerkraut
It's Tragic
The bugs desert the air, and rush to nestle in your hair
It's Tragic
It takes one look to know you have no charms
You're just a bag of bones with long surrounding arms
Your eyes are big and round
There's one that's blue and one that's brown
It's Tragic
You part your hair in place
And it keeps sliding down your face
It's Tragic
And as I tell myself
These things that happen are not really true
Yet in my heart I know the tragedy is really you

INTO THE AIR 69ERS

Into the air 69ers,
Into the air upside down.
Into the air 69ers.
Set your sights and let's go down, we'll all go down.
And when we see those bastard commies,
And we make them shit a pound.
You can bet those 69ers,
Aer all going down.

Into the air 69ers
Onto your back,, soixante-neuf"
We'll blast those MIG's, 69ers.
And watch their ass go Poof, Poof, Poof.
And when you see those, Golf-balls" flying.
And the flak begins to blast.
You can bet the 69ers
Will bite "em inthe ass.

HORSE SHIT

THERE WAS A PILOT OF GREAT RENOWN,
THERE WAS A PILOT OF GREAT RENOWN,
THERE WAS A PILOT OF GREAT RENOWN,
UNTIL HE FUCKED A GIRL FROM OUR TOWN--
FUCKED A GIRL FROM OUR TOWN--
HA HA HA, HO HO HO, HORSE SHIT.

HE LAID HER IN A FEATHER BED,
HE LAID HER IN A FEATHER BED, HE LAID HER IN A FEATHER BED,
AND-THEN-HE TWISTED OUT HER MAIDERHEAD,
TWISTED OUT HER MAIDENHEAD--
HA HA HA, HO HO HO, HORSE SHIT.

HE LAID HER ON A WINDING STAIR,
HE LAID HER ON A WINDING STAIR,
HE LAID HER ON A WINDING STAIR,
AND-THEN-HE SHOVED IT CLEAR UP TO THERE--
SHOVED IT IN CLEAR UP TO THERE--
HA HA HA, HO HO HO, HORSE SHIT

HE LAID HER DOWN BESIDE A STUMP,
HE LAID HER DOWN BESIDE A STUMP,
HE LAID HER DOWN BESIDE A STUMP,
AND-THEN-HE MISSED HER CUNT AND SPLIT THE STUMP,
MISSED HER C NT AND SPLIT THE STUMP--
HA HA HA, HO HO HO, HORSE SHIT.

HE LAID HER DOWN BESIDE A POND,
HE LAID HER DOWN BESIDE A POND,
HE LAID HER DOWN BESIDE A POND,
AND-THEN-HE FUCKED HER WITH HIS MAGIC WAND,
FUCKED HER WITH HIS MAGIC WAND--
HA HA HA, HO HO HO, HORSE SHIT.

HE LAID HER ON THE SEWEY GRASS,
HE LAID HER ON THE DEWEY GRASS,
HE LAID HER ON THE DEWEY GRASS,
AND-THEN-HE SHOVED THE OLD BOY UP HER ASS,
SHOVED THE OLD BOY UP HER ASS,
HA HA HA, HO HO HO, HORSE SHIT.

THE TOOK HER TO THE COUNTRYSIDE,
HE TOOK HER TO THE COUNTRYSIDE,
HE TOOK HER TO T E COUNTRYSIDE,
AND-THEN-HE FUCKED THE GIRL UNTIL SHE DIED,
FUCKED THE GIEL UNTIL SHE DIED,
HA HA HA, HO HO HO, HORSE SHIT.

HE TOOK HER TO THE BURIAL GROUND,
HE TOOK HER TO THE BURIAL GROUND,
HE TOOK HER TO THE BURIAL GROUNND,
AND-THEN-HE THOUGHT HE'D HAVE ANOTHER ROUND,
THOUGHT HE'D HAVE ANOTHER ROUND,
HA HA HA, HO HO HO, -----HORSE SHIT, HORSE SHIT.

FOGGY, FOGGY DEW

OH, I AM A BACHELOR, I LIVE ALL ALONE.
I WORK AT THE WEAVER'S TRADE
AND THE ONLY, ONLY THING THAT I EVER DID WRONG,
WAS TO WOO A FAIR YOUNG MAID.
I WOODED HER IN THE SUMMER TIME
PART OF THE WINTER TOO.
AND THE ONLY, ONLY THING THAT I EVER DID WRONG
WAS TO SHIELD HER FROM THE FOGGY, FOGGY DEW.

ONE NIGHT SHE CAME TO MY BEDSIDE
AS I LAY FAST ASLEEP.
THIS PRETTY, PRETTY MAID
KNELT BY MY BEDSIDE
AND THEN SHE BEGAN TO WEEP.
SHE--WEPT, SHE CRIED
SHE DAMN NEAR DIED
ALASS, WHAT COULD I DO.
SO I TOOK HER INTO BED
AND COVERED UP HER HEAD
JUST TO SHIELD HER FROM THE FOGGY, FOGGY DEW.

NOW A YEAR HAS GONE BY
STILL A BACHELOR AM I.
AND I WORK AT THE WEAVER'S TRADE
COMES A--KNOCKING AT MY DOOR
IT'S VOICE I'VE HEARD BEFORE.
'TIS THE VOICE OF THE FAIR YOUNG MAID.
SHE--HANDED ME A LITTLE ONE
SHE SAID, "WHAT CAN I DO."
SO I TOOK HIM INTO BED
JUST TO COVER UP HIS HEAD
JUST TO SHIELD HIM FROM THE FOGGY, FOGGY DEW.

NOW I AM A BACHELOR, I LIVE WITH MY SON.
WE WORK AT THE WEAVER'S TRADE
AND EVERY, EVERY TIME THAT I LOOK INTO HIS EYES,
HE REMINDS ME OF THE FAIR YOUNG MAID.
HE REMINDS ME OF THE WINTER TIME, PART OF THE SUMMER TOO.
OF THE MANY, MANY TIMES THAT I GAZED INTO HER EYES
AND TO SHIELD HER FROM THE FOGGY, FOGGY DEW.

LITTLE RED LIGHT

(Tune, "My Blue Heaven")

A TURN TO THE RIGHT, A LITTLE RED LIGHT, WILL LEAD YOU TO MY RED HAVEN.
YOU'LL SEE A SMILING FACE ON A PILLOWCASE, A FORM DIVINE.
JUST A LITTLE OLD WHORE WHO'S BEEN-SCREWED BEFORE,
A THOUSAND TIMES.
JUST MOLLY AND ME, THERE'LL NEVER BE THREE.
WE'RE CAREFUL IN OUR RED HAVEN.

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW
(Tuna- March of the Toy Soldiers)

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW, DO THEY SWING TO AND FRO
CAN YOU TIE THEM IN A KNOT CAN YOU TIE 'EM IN A BOW
CAN YOU THROW THEM O'VER YOU SHOULDER LIKE A EUROPEAN SOLDIER
DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW

IN DAYS OF OLD WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD
THEY SHIT RIGHT IN THEIR BRITCHES,
THEY WIPE THEIR ASS WITH BROKEN GLASS
THOSE TOUGHT OLD SONS OF BITCHES

IN DAYS OF OLD WHEN KIGHTS WERE BOLD
AND WOMAN WORE MERE TRIFLES
THEY HUNG THEIR BALLS UPON THE WALLS
AND SHOT THEM DOWN WITH RIFLES

IN DAYS OF OLD WHEN KIGHTS WERE BOLD
AND WOMEN WEREN'T PARTICULAR
THEY BINDED TEM UP AGAINST THE WALL
AND FUCKED THEM PERPENDICULAR

IN DAYS OF OLD WHEN KIGHTS WERE BOLD
THEY WORE A LEATHER BRITCHES
THEY BEAT THEIR PRICKS WITH HICKORY STICKS
AND YELLED LIKE SONS OF BITCHES.

VIRGIN STURGEON
(Tune, Ruben Ruben, I've been thinking)

CAVIAR COMES FROM A VIRGIN STURGEON
VIRGIN STURGEON IS A VERY FINE FISH
VIRGIN STURGEON NEEDS NO URGIN'
THAT'S WHY CAVIAR IS MY DISH

SHAD ROE COMES FROM A SCARLET SHAD FISH
SHAD FISH HAVE A VERY SAD FATE
PREGANT SHAD FISH IS A SAD FISH
GOT THAT WAY WITHOUT A MATE

OSTYERS THEY ARE FISHY BIVALVES
THEY HAVE YOUNGSTERS IN THEIR SHELL
HOW THEY DIDDLE IS A RIDDLE
BUT THEY DO SO WHAT THE HELL

THE GREEN SEE TURTLE'S MATE IS HAPPY
WITH HER LOVERS WINNING WAYS
FIRST HE GRIPS HER WITH HIS FLIPPER
THEN HE FLIPS AND GRIPS FOR DAYS

MRS CLAM IS OPTIMISTIC
SHOOTS HER EGGS OUT IN THE SEA
HOPES HER SUITOR IS A SHOOTER
HITS THE SELF SAME SPOT AS SHE

(Con't Next Page)

VIRGIN STURGEON (Con't)

GIVE A THOUGHT TO THE HAPPY CODFISH
ALWAYS THERE WHEN DUTY CALLS
FEMALE COD FISH IS AN ODD FISH
FROM HER COME YOUR COD FISH BALLS

THE TROUT IS JUST A LITTLE SALMON
JUST HALF GROWN AND MINUS SCALES
BUT THE TROUT, JUST LIKE THE SALMON
CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT HIS TAIL

LUCKIEST FISH ARE THE COMMON STARFISH
WHEN FOR OFFSPRING THEY ESSAY
YES MY HEARTIES THEY HAVE PARTIES
IN THE GOOD OLD FASHIONED WAY

I FED CAVIAR TO MY GIRL FRIEDN
SHE WAS A VIRGIN TRIED AND TRUE
NOW THAT VIRGIN NEEDS N URGIN
THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' SHE WON'T DO

I FED CAVIAR TO MY GRANDPA
HE WAS A MAN OF NINETY THREE
SCREAMS AND SHRIEKS WERE HEARD FROM GRANDMA
HE HAD CHASED HER UP A TREE

I FED CAVIAR TO MY GRANDMA
SHE CAME DOWN OUT OF THAT TREE
NOW MY GRANDMA AND MY GRANDPA
START TO RAISE A F.MILY

I FED SOME C.VIAR TO MY ROOSTER
I FED SOME CAVIAR TO MY COW
NOW THE BARNYARD SURE LOOKS FUNNY
ALL THE COWS HAVE FEATHERS NOW

JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Chorus:

OH, WHY DID I JOUN THE AIR FORCE
MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER KNEW BEST.
HERE I LIE BENEATHE A WRECKAGE
A SABREJET OVER MY CHEST.

NOW WHEN YOU ARE OUT ON A MISSION
A MIG 15 MAKES A FINE PASS
REACH OVER SQUEEZE BOTH OF THOSE HANDLES
THE HELL WITH THE SHIP SAVE YOUR ASS.

PILOT'S HEAVEN
(Tune, Ghost Riders in the Sky)

AS WE WERE FLYING THROUGH THE SKY
ONE BRIGHT AND SUNNY DAY,
WE SPIED A BIG BLACK THUNDERSTORM
ALYING IN OUR WAY
FLY RIGHT ON THROUGH, THE COLONEL SAID
WE DO MOST ANYTHING
AND HNOW WE'RE UP IN HEAVEN
AND HEAR THE ANGELS SING.

OH IT'S SO VERY NICE UP HERE
AWAY UP IN THE SKY
THERE NO ONE HERE WITH HEN-HOUSE WAYS
THERE IS NO TBY
THE FOOD IS GOOD, THE CO'S SWEEL
WE HAVE NO NEED TO FEAR,
THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS OCS--
WE ALL WEAR WINGS UP HERE

AS WE LOOKED DOWN ON EARTH ONE DAY
WE SAW A GRUESOME SIGHT
IT MADE OUR BLOOD RUN VERY COLD
IT TURNED OUR LIVERS WHITE,
THE WHOLE COMMAND FROM OMAHA
WAS HEADED UP THIS WAY
WE CALLED OUR LORD BEFORE US
AND ALL KNELT DOWN TO PRAY

THE GENERAL TOLD OUR BOSS, THE LORD
NOW THIS IS NOT A PRANK
HE SHOUTED IN A MIGHT VOICE
JUST WHAT'S YOUR DATE OF RANK
THE LORD SAT THERE--HIS HEAD WAS BOWED,
THE GENERAL SHOUTED CLEAR,
THERE'S JUST NOT ROOM IN HEAVEN
FOR TWO CO'S UP HERE

THE LORD HE CALLED US 'FORE THE THRONE
AND THESE LAST WORDS HE SAID,
YOUR TOUR UP HERE IS DONE, MY BOYS
YOUR MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD,
WE'LL SEND YOU OUT ON PCS
BUT NAMES WE CANNOT TELL
ONE HALF TO GO THREE NING O SIX,
THE OTHER HALF TO H-E-L-L

BANG IT INTO LULU

Some girls work in factories
Some girls work in stores
My girl works in a knockin' shop
With forty other whores

Chorus: Bang it into Lulu
Bang it good and strong
What'll we do for banging
When Lulu's dead and gon

Wish I was a Pisspot
Under Lulu's bed
Every time she stooped to pee
I'd see her maidenhead

Wish I was a finger
On Lulu's little hand
Every time she wiped her ass
I'd see the promised land

Lulu had a baby
She had it on a rock
She couldn't call it Lulu
'Cause the bastard had a cock

Lulu had a baby
She named it Sonny Jim
She threw it in the pisspot
To teach it how to swim

Last time I saw Lulu
I havn't seen her since
She was suckin' off a tiger
Through a barbed wire fence

IN THE SPRINGTIME

In the springtime, in the springtime
In the springtime of yore
I met a young lady who looked like a ____
Darling young maiden, as she lay in the grass
And gently rolled over and showed me her ____
Diamonds and bracelets and little pet duck
And told me she'd teach me a new way to ____
Bring up my children and teach them a knit
While farmers in barnyards were shoveling out ____
Feed for their horses and cattle and sheep
In the springtime, in the springtime
In the springtime so sweet

THE COMRADES LAMENT
(Tune- Clementine)

Once a flier, do or dier, in his faithful Sabre true
After bitchin, flew a mission, to the town of Sinanju
Still in flight he, saw some mighty, Rissian MIG's upon his tail
With a quiver, and a shiver, he let out an awful wail

Chorus: Sayonara, Sayonara, Sayonara, Ah so Des
If you find me, never mind me
I will be an awful mess

Then a Mustang, went in busting, Just to see what he could do
But alas, he made a pass and that was all, they got him too
Thought an 80 I'm so great he'll never get a shot at me
Wasn't gone long when his swan song
Sounded just like this to me

Then a Thunder Jet who hadn't blundered yet
Thought he'd try it all alone
Like a blotter hit the water, shook the and of Davey Jones
So the tally in MIG alley isn't quite like all the claims
But as a fair course to the Air Force
We won't mention any names

OLD NUMBER NINE

Twas a dark and stormy night, not a star was in sight
All the Mustangs were tied down to the line
When in rain up to his ears, stood a lonely volunteer
With his orders to fly old number nine

His ass was racked with pain as he climbed into his plane
And his bung hole was puckered fit to tie
And he whispered a prayer as he clumbed into the air
For he knew that this was his night to die

As he flew o'er Haha-ru he cold see a school or two
And the women and children very well
But how was he to know that he'd fly so Goddamned low
That his bomb blast would blow his ass to hell

In the wreck he was found thinly spread out on the ground
And the crunchies they raised his weary head
With his life almost spent here's the message that he sent
To his buddies who'd be sad to see him dead

I used an 8 to 10 delay but it didn't work out that way
Without a tail a F4U won't fly
Tell the Skipper for me, that he now has twenty three
He can roll up the ladder----Semper Fi

SAM HOUSTON

A big black bull came down from the mountain
Houston, Sam Houston
A big black bull came down from the mountain
Long time ago
Long time ago o o o, Long time ago o o o
A big black bull came down from the mountain
Long time ago

He spied a heifer in the pasture grazin
Houston, Sam Houston
He spied a heifer in the pasture grazin
Long time ago
Long time ago o o o, Long time ago o o o
He spied a heifer in the pasture grazin
Long time ago

He yumped the fense and he yumped that heifer
Houston, Sam Houston
He youmped that fence and he yumped that heifer
Long time ago
Long time ago o o o, Long time ago o o o
He yumped that fence and he youmped the heifer
Long time ago

He missed that heifer and pffft in the pasture
Houston, Sam Houston
He missed that heifer and pfft in the pasture
Long time ago
Long time ago o o o, Long time ago o o o
He missed that heifer and pffft in the pasture
Long time ago

The big black bull went back to the mountain
Exhausted, exhausted
The big black bull went back to the mountain
Long time ago
Long time ago o o o, Long time ago o o o
The big black bull went back to the mountain
Long time ago

COOL

I'm as cool as the tip of an eskimo's tool
I'm as cool as a fish in a frozen pool
Coll as a pane of frosty glass
Cool as the fringe around a polar bears ass
Cool

I AIN'T GOT NO USE FOR THE WOMEN

I AIN'T GOT NO USE FOR THE WOMEN:
A TRUE ONE CAN NEVER BE FOUND
THEY'LL USE A MAN FOR HIS MONEY
WHEN IT'S GONE, THEY'LL TURN HIM DOWN
THEY'RE ALL ALIKE AT THE BOTTOM
SELFISH, AND GRASPING FOR ALL
THEY'LL STICK BY A MAN WHEN HE'S WINNING
AND LAUGH IN HIS FACE AT HIS FALL

I ONCE KNEW A YOUNG COW PUNCHER
HONEST AND UP RIGHT AND SQUARE
BUT HE TURNED TO A HARD SHOOTIN GUNMAN
AND A WOMAN PUT HIM THERE
HE FELLIN WITH EVIL COMPANIONS
THE KIND THAT ARE BETTER OFF DEAD
WHEN A GAMBLER INSULTED HER PICTURE
HE FILLED HIM FULL OF LEAD

ALL THRU THAT LONG NIGHT THEY CASED HIM
THRU MESQUITE AND TALL CHAPARRAL
AND I COULDN'T HELP THINK OF HER PICTURE
WHEN I SAW HIM PITCH AND FALL
IF SHE'D BEEN THE PAL SHE SHOULD HAVE
HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN RAISING A SON
INSTEAD OF OUT OF THE PRAIRIE
TO DIE BY A RANGERS GUN

DEATH'S SHARP STING DID NOT TROUBLE
HIS CHANCES FOR LIFE WERE TO SLIM
BUT WHERE THEY WERE PUTTING HIS BODY
WAS ALL THAT WORRIED HIM
HE LIFTED HIS HEAD ON HIS ELBOW
THE BLOOD FROM HIS WOUND RAN RED
HE LOOKED AT HIS PALS GROUPED AROUND HIM
AND THIS IS WHAT HE SAID

BURY ME OUT ON THE PRAIRIE
WHERE THE COYOTES HOWL OVER MY GRAVE
BURY ME OUT ON THE PRAIRIE
BUT FROM THEM MY BONES PLEASE SAVE
WRAP ME UP IN MY BLANKET
AND BURY ME DEEP IN THE GROUND
COVER ME OVER WITH BOULDERS OF GRANITE, HUGE AND ROUND

SO WE BURIED HIM OUT ON THE PRAIRIE
WHERE THE COYOTES THEY HOWL O'ER HIS GRAVE
AND HIS SOUL IS NOW A RESTING FROM THE UNKIND CUT SHE GAVE
AND MANY ANOTHER YOUNG PUNCHER,
AS HE RIDES PAST THAT PILE OF STONES
RECALLS, OF SIMILAR WOMAN
AND THINKS OF HIS MOULDERIN BONES

HINKY DI

Up in Korea midst hight rocks and snow
The poor Chinese Commie is felling quite low
For as the Corsairs roar by overhead
He knows that his buddies all soon will be dead

Chorus: Hinky di Dinky Dinky di
Hinky di Dinky Dinky di

Lin Pao went way up to cold Kato Ri
His prize Chinese army in action to see
He got there a half hour after the U's
And all that he found was their hats and their shoes

Run little chink men save your ass run
For 323 is out looking for fun
As the big white nosed Corsairs came down in their dives
YOU'll know the deathrattlers are after your lives

Uncle Joe Stalin your stooges have found
It just doesn't pay to invade foreign ground
For when they disturbed the severe morning calm
They brought on the rockets, bombs and napalm

Here's to the 2-C, the vought people too
And their well known product the blue F4U
To all gyrene pilots and carriers at sea
And to the deathrattlers squadron ol' 323

We fought at Pyong Yang and at Hagaru
At Kumb wa and Kaesang and Oyangbu
So here's to our pilots and here's to our crew
The target, the snake, and the blue F4U

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS
(Tune- Old 97)

He was comin' on the downwind aoin' one ninety per
When his Hundred went into a spin
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
And his body all covered with gin

Now the Pratt man said, "It can't be the engine
'Cause that engine never chugs."
So upon examination, pulling blades in every station
They found it was the jet mix sludge

Chorus: (Low and Soft) (Tune-Funeral March)
Ten thousand dollars going home to the floks
Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks
Oh won't they be excited, Oh won't they be delighted
Just think of what they can buy
Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks

TIE MY ROOT AROUND A TREE
(Tune- Chisolm Trail)

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a penny
She said boy your con't have any

Chorus: Come and tie my root round a tree, round a tree
Come and tie my root around a tree

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a nickel
She said for that you don't even get a tickle

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a dime
She said young man you're wasting your time

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a quarter
She said young man I'm a preachers daughter

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a half
She said young man you make me laugh

Reached in my pocket, pulled out six bits
All she did was wiggle her tits

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a buck
She said young man you've bought a fuck

Took her to the kitchen, laid her on the sink
Oh my God how her pussy did stink

Fucked her sittin' fucked her lyin'
If I'd had wings I'd a fucked her flyin'

I awoke in the morning, and guess what I saw
Fifteen chancers and a big blue ball

I went to a doctor, cause my pecker was sore
My God said the doctor you've been taken by a whore

And now you can see, I'm a peckerless man
I fuck em with my finger and fool em when I can

Now the last time I saw her, and I haven't seen her since
She was jacking off a doggie through a barbed wire fence

I SAW HER SNATCH

I saw her "snatch" her stchel from the window
I held her for a moment in the rain
I kissed her "as" she hurried to the station
To see her brother "Jack off" on the train

CREEPING AND CRAWLING

One night as I was crawling and creeping, creeping, creeping
I spied a young maiden so peacefully sleeping
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more

I said to her can I come to bed with you
And then she replied you're not handcuffed or tied
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more

Her drawers were tight and I could not get in them
And then she replied there's a knife on the table

The knife was sharp and her drawers split asunder
And then we were banging like lightening and thunder
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more

In about nine months lay the poor maid asunder
And then she remembered the lightning and thunder
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more

HUMORESQUE

Passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is standing in the station, I love you
As we go strolling through the park
And goosing shadows in the dark
If Shermans horse can take it, why can't you

You're the guy that did the pushing
Put the wet spots on the cushion
Poot prints on the dash board upside down
Ever since you met my daughter
She's had trouble passing water
Wish that you had never come to town

I'm the guy htat did the pushing
Put the wet spots on the cushion
Poot prints on the dash board upside down
Since I met your daughter Venus
I've had trouble with my penis
Wich I'd never seen your God damn town

I LOVE A BILLBOARD

I love a billboard, I always will
A sexy billboard gave me, my first thrill
When I was only a little child
A sexy billboard drove me wild.

THE HAIRY CHESTED EIGHT SIX

We're from the Eight Six
The hairy chested Eight Six
Whenever we go out and have a ball
We take delight in stirring up a fight
And knocking hawks and tigers in the head
Till they're dead
HA, HA, HA
HO, HO, HO
HEE, HEE, HEE

We have gotten
A rep for being rotten
We put poison in our CO's Cream of Wheat
We're from the eight six
The hairy chested eight six
And we eat (ROAR) Raw Meat!
(Call the waiter - More Beer)

PADDY MURPHY

Have you ever been in an Irishmans shanty
Where whiskey is plenty and the money is scanty
A bed on the floor, a roof of thatch
And a string on the door instead of a latch
Now there were icpicks and toothpicks
And all kinds of lunatics, ice cream and cold cream
The girls were drinking kerosene

Now the night that Paddy Murphy died is one I'll not forget
The boys they started drinking and some ain't sober yet
Now the night that Paddy Murphy died
They came from far and near
They took the ice right off the corpse, and put it in their beer.

And that's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy
That's how we showed our honor and our pride
That's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy
On the night that Paddy died

HERE'S TO _____

Here's to _____, he's true blue
He's a drunkard through and through
He's a drunkard so they say
Oh he tried to go to Heaven
But he went the other way
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug

THE MOST CHIVILROUS FISH

The most chivilrous fish in the ocean
To ladies forbearing and mild
Though his reocrd be dark, is the man-eating shark
Who will eat neither woman or chidd

He dines upon seamen and skippers
And a tourist will his hunger aswage
And a fresh cabin boy, will inspire him with joy
If he's past the maturity age

A doctor or lawyer or preacher
He'll gobble up any fine day
But the ladies, God Bless 'em, he'll only address 'em
Politely and go on his way

I can raedily dite you an instance
Of a lovely young lady from Broom
Who was tender and sweet, and delicious to eat
And fell into the bay with a scream

She struggled and flounced in the water
And signaled in vain for her barque
She would surely have drowned, if whe had not been found
By a chivilrous man-eating shark

He bowed in his manner most charming
Thus soothing her impulses wild
Don't be frightened, he said, I've been properly bred
And will eat neither woman nor child

He proffered his fin and she took it
Such gallantry none can ispute
And the passengers cheered, as the vessel they neared
And a broadside was fired a salute

They soon were alongside the vessel
A life saving dinghy was lowered
With the pick of the , and her relatives too
And the mate and the skipper aboard

They had her on board in a juffy
The shark stood attention the while
Then he raised up his flipper, and gobbled the skipper
And went on his way with a smile

This shows that the king of the ocean
To ladies forbearing and mild
Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark
Who will eat neither woman nor child

LETS HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
So lets have a party

We're gonna tear down the bar in our town	Boo
We're gonna build a <u>new</u> one	Ray
It's only gonna be one foot wide	Boo
But it'll be a <u>mile</u> long	Ray
There'll be no bartenders in our bar	Boo
We're gonna have barmaids	Ray
Our barmaids will wear long dresses	Boo
Made of cellophane	Ray
You can't take our barmaids home	Boo
They'll take you home	Ray
You can't sleep with our barmaids	Boo
They won't let you sleep	Ray
Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass	Boo
Whiskey free	Ray
Only one to a customer	Boo
Served in buckets	Ray
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river	Boo
Then we'll all go swimming	Ray
No girls allowed above the first floor	Boo
With their clothes on	Ray
There'll be no loving on the dance floor	Boo
And no dancing on the loving floor	Ray

Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
SO LET'S HAVE A PARTY

SHANTY TOWN

There's a shanty in the town on a little plot of ground
With the green grass growin all around, all around
The roofs so worn so badly torn that it tumbles to the ground
Just atumble down shack and it's built way back
'Bout twenty-five feet from the railroad track
Lingers on my mind most all of the time
Keeps calling me back to my little grass shack
I'd be just as sassy as Haile Selasse
If I were a king wouldn't mean a thing
Put my boots on tall read the writing on the wall
And it wouldn't mean a thing, not a goddamned thing
There's a queen waiting there in a rocking chair
Just blowing her top on Gaitors beer
I'm looking all around and trucking on down
'Cause I gotta get back to my shanty town

Let's have a party, let's have some fun
Let's have a party, the 86th is her tonight

Break right, break left, streamers off the wing
Snap Dragon, Sweet roll, we do everything.

We are the joy boys from ol Youngstown
Hello, hillo, hello, hello-o-o

THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL
(Tune: Mine eyes have seen the glory)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men
Who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived
for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded
and those days are long gone by
The Air Force has gone to Hell.

Chorus: Glory flying regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks one
The Air Force's gone to Hell.

I have seen them in their T-Bolts when
their eyes were dancing flame
I have seen their screaming power dives
That plastered Hitler's name
But now they fly like sissies
And they hang their heads in shame
Their Spirits shot to Hell.

Chorus

NAVY PRAYER

Our father who are in Washington
Truman is thy name
The Navy's done
The air force won
On the atlantic as in the Pacific
Give us this day our appropriations
And forgive us our accusations
As we forgive our accusers
Lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from French Morocco
For thine is the power
The B-36 and the Air Force
Forever and ever-----Airmen

STREET CLEANER SONG
(Tune - Carolina In the Morning)

Nothing could be meaner
Than to be a street cleaner
In the morning
Nothing makes you bluer
Than to pick up horse manure
In the morning

When the horses unload
That's what I really hate
Cleaning up horse manure
From four AM till eight
Strolling with my pushcart
When the breezes smell like cheeze
In the morning

There's nothing more I fear
Than a horse with diarrhea
In the morning
Why can't they drop those little balls
That don't stick to my overalls
In the morning
If I had Alladins lamp for only a day
I would make a wish or two
And here's what I'd say
I wish they would put glasses
All around those horses asses
In the morning

MOM'S IN BED

Nom's in bed, Pops on top
Kid's in the cradle say'n shoot it to her pop

Moms in bed, pops in jail
Sis is in the corner yellin pussy for sale

Moms in the kitchen, pops locked up
My hunch-backed brothers got my sister knocked up

Got a model T ford, a tank full of gas
A mouth full of titty and a hand full of ass

Haven't got a nickel, haven't got a dime
A house full of kids and none of them mine

Since the 45th came to Sidi Slimane
They've got the french girls going insane
The french girls say they treat them nice
And they give them a better price

Chorus: Drinkin rum and coca cola
Go down Port Lyautey
Both Mother and daughter
Working for a Yankee dollar

In French Morocco it is mighty clear
The Frenchman gets one can of beer
While the 45th leads a life so fine
Just making whopee all the time

The SAC boys came to Sidi this year
The girls all thought that they were queer
They don't dance, they just drink beer
They're glad that the 45th is here
The bomber jockeys came and left the girls so cold
They acted like a million years old
They don't spend money so they say
The wives in the states get all their pay

Before we landed on this field
The Officers club showed little yield
But now we'll build a club De Lux
The 45th is on the books

The american arms so they say
Allow Frauleins only through the day
There's that click click click all the night
But the O.D. says it's quite all right

chorus: Drinking rum and coca cola
Go down to Walhalla
Both mother and daughter
Working for the yankee dollar

Up in Deutschland it is clear
The girls don't drink much gin or beer
They will play and they will sin
But you've got to give up your Sabre pin

Up in Frankfurt late one night
Our tech rep got mighty tight
Made passionate love to a blonde in black
Now they're takin stitches in his back.

TO THE TABLES DOWN AT SIDI
(Tune-Whiffenpoof Song)

To the tables down at Sidi
To the place where Chester dwells
To the dear old Dallas Bar we loved so well
Sang the motley crew assembled
With their glasses raised on high
And the horror of their singing sounds like hell

Yes, the horror of their singing
Of the songs that should sound well
While we're wasting all the morning and our rest
We will serenade our Chester
While life and limb shall last
Till he's gone and been forgotten in the past

We're the 3906th who have gone astray
Baa, Baa, Baa
We'll try to be good till rotation day
Baa, baa, baa,
Officers, gentlemen, try to be
We think we'll be here till eternity
Oh, please send a replacement for me
Baa, baa, baa

At the choir practice nightly
All the songs are sweet and low
Till that good old demon run begins to flow
Then tonsils they get rusty
And the voices get off key
And the wives declare that now they have to go

The women leave discretely
And the songs get more risque
And tales of war are told by those who fly
They fight the war in Burma
And the war in Europe too
And each one tries to tell a bigger lie

We are members of the Sisi choir
La, la, li
We will sing the song that you desire
La, la, la
Cocks men we profess to be
Full of scotch type energy
Hope we live on past this spree
La, la, la.

ROTATIONAL EVE
(Tune- Red River Valley)

Life in Sidi Slimane is so peaceful
But the rumors are true that we've heard
The quiet is soon to be broken
By arrival of SAC'S 303rd

From old Tucson they say they are leaving
Leaving homes and sweet lovin wives
They will come here to old French Morocco
And complicate all of our lives

Now they'll have lots of aircraft and people
And they'll have at least thirty I know
Who will spend all their waking moments
Making work for the base AIO

But we'll not be about to get excited
For the answer to most of our fears
Is to pass on the buck just as always
Straight on to the Corps of Engineers

The odds are that we cannot please them
There are sure to be waits and delays
But if we can stand it for two years
They can stand it for just thirty days

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

That louse of a boarder
Who else could it be
While I was away at work
That lousy jerk filled in for me
Oh I didn't get angry
Though it's driving me wild
For he may be the father of my only child

Oh the baby's first words were manana
It was then I could plainly see
That it was a real Mexicana
And there's no Spanish blood in me

Oh I stabbed that boarder
I stabbed him that day
I cut him from the Rio Grande to the Sante Fe
I cut off his boleros
Now he'll never play
South of the border, in a Mexican way

NAUGHT LITTLE DOG

Once I had a naughty little dog
A naughty little dog was he
I loaned him to a lady friend
To keep her company

Now all around the house that night
That naughty little dog did hunt
He'd stick his nose beneath her dress
And try to smell her-----

Shame on you you naughty little dog
You make my temper rise
There's only one man in this whole world
Who can sleep between her-----

Thank the lady for the wine
I'll drink it for my supper
Damn the man who's got a girl
And ain't got the guts to-----

Fumble fumble all around
It's time that we should start
I ate some beans for supper
And I think I'm going to -----

Forty dollars I will bid
And six bits I will pass
Damn the girl the sote my dice
And stuck them up her-----

Ask your partner for her name
I need it for a list
Excuse me while I go outside
And try to take a-----

Pistol belt around my hips
And around this town I'll frolic
Take your partners in the house
While he plays with his-----

Ball, play ball the umpire cried
Oh how that man can hit
Take him to the alley
Cause I think he's going to-----

Shame on you, you naughty little boy
You know that mule will kick
And there you stand behind him
W,th you hand upon his-----

NAUGHTY LITTLE DOG (CONTD)

Prick the elephant with the prod
To hear the monster yell
If he should step upon you
He would smash you all to _____

Help, help, the sailor cried
As though the sea he swam
Swim or sink the skipper said
Cause I don't give a _____.

Damn my hide for every little thing
I'll sing a little more
Once I sat in a parlor
With my arms around a _____.

Hold on there my pretty little girl
What is it that you say
If you should sit on another mans lap
You'd get a dose of _____.

Clap, clap, clap your hands
My song will never last
If you don't like this song I sing
You can kiss my bloody ass

SIDI SLIMANE SONG
(Tune - On Top of Old Smoky)

Now gather round closely, and we'll sing this refrain
Bout life in Morocco, at Sidi Slimane
There's not enough women, to grace this bare land
But there's not enough women, to grace this bare land
But there's plenty of rag heads, Cactus and sand

The heat in the daytime, will wither your soul
While all the long evenings, you shiver with cold
It's so hot in old Sidi, where no river flows
You'd think hell was above you, and heaven below

Each man here will tell you, that he's malassigned
And the Air Force commanders, have all lost their minds
We here in Sidi, want to know why we're here
And we'll not find our answer, in a big glass of beer

So we'll try some tye whiskey, and we'll try demon rum
And a gallon of cognac, and the answer will come
We need some equipment, and we need some supplies
But improvement, will be a surprise

Work from dawn till sunset, on many big deals
While those boys from division, are dragging their heels
The boys you will notice, who take it so hard
Are recalled reservists, and the Air National Guard

While I'm sitting here singing, I've had an idea
It's rough in Morocco, But death in Korea

Boy-san wipe away them tears
We're goin down to the house of horrors
To let ole mother nature have her way
Goin to look into them horrors of glass
An watch myself get a piece of ass
Lettin ole mother nature have her way

Chorus: Closer, come a skoshi bit closer
Oh there ain't no use to dick around this way
Put your belly close to mine
We're gonna go pom-pom four or five times
To let ole mother nature have her way

Moshi-moshi Boy-san make a skoshi trip
Down to the Officers club at the strip
To let ole mother nature have her way
We're goin down to that glorified pub
Known as the Allied Officers Club
To let ole mother nature have her way

Shrimp cocktails and a great big steak
Will really put us on the make
To let ole mother nature have her way
But before we go down to that palace of sin
We better load up with a few thousand Yen
To let ole mother nature have her way

Hooray now here we are at last
Mama-san parade them jo-sans past
To let ole mother nature have her way
Now that 'un's as cute as apup with specks
Them chi-chi's didn't come from no P.X.
Just let ole mother nature have her way

Mama-san I'll take that one over there
With the great big chi-chi's and the sukoshi hair
To let ole mother nature have her way
Oh it shorely seems an awful sin
to p... this jo-san a thousand yen
To let ole mother nature have her way

Jo-santaihen kawaii aa
Pom pom O-mac-ni suki des' ha
To let ole mother nature have her way
Hai, hai, so desu, suki dhsho
Keredomo shakuhachii suki nai yo
To let ole mother nature have her way

Oh you wake up in the morning feeling like shit
And nine days later it starts to drip
To let ole mother nature have her way
You tell Doc Beetlebaum the fix you're in
He fills yore ass full of penicillin
To let ole mother nature have her way
(con't next page)

LET OLE MOTHER NATURE HAVE HER WAY (Cont)

But you will really begin to curse your fate
When yore shankers break out as big as pie plates
To let ole mother nature have her way
Down to Doc Beetlebaum's office again
To get yome ass full of aureomycin
To let ole mother nature have her way

Then one fine mornin you jump out of the sack
To find the little son-of-a-bitch has turned coal black
To let ole mother nature have her way
The doc says stand on your toes and cough
Imagine his surprise when your balls fall off
To let ole mother nature have her way

Don't worry doc Beetlebaum tells you the score
They'll never be missed on your next 60-4
To let ole mother nature have her
But you'll sound a little funny transmittin for a fix
(High Voice) Hello DF Homer one two three four five six
To let ole mother nature have her way

WE SOLD OUR COW

We sold our cow
We sold our cow
We've got no use
For your bull now

CLOVIS
(No tune)

He stood before the perarly gate
His face was scarred and old
He stood before the man of fate
For admission to the fold
"What have you done/" St Peter said
"To gain admission here?"
"I've been a fighter pilot, sir
For many and many a year
I've fought the dust and flown the 'E'
With the frozen chosen few
I've been at Clovis Air Force Base
And parts of Texas too."
The pearly gates swung open wide
St Peter touched the bell
"Come in and chose your harp, my friend
You've had your share of hell.

WE HEARD YOU WHEN YOU SANG

_____, _____, We heard you when you sang
We don't like it, but we'll listen,
For tomorrow you'll probably prang

This is table number one,
Number one, number one,
This is table number one,
Where in the hell is two?

This is table (Squadron Number)
Who in the hell are you?

This is table best of all
Best of all, Best of all
This is table best of all
Who is the hell are you?

Beer Song

For it's beer, beer, beer
Toat makes you want to cheer
In the corps, int the corps
or it's beer, beer, beer
That makes you want to cheer
in the U S Air Force

My eyes are dim, I cannot see
I have (Hi) not (HO) brought my
Specs with me.

"iskey that makes you feel so frisky
Gin that makes you want to sin
Vodka that makes you feel to hotka
Old Saturn that makes you beely burn
Old vermouth that makes you feel uncouth
Bourbon that makes you feel so chirpe
Wine that makes you feel so fine
Champagne, champagen, champagne, that
makes you want to campaign
or that makes you want to cheer
Rum that makes you feel so glum

It is sad, but true, that sooner or later, most Fighter Pilots find themselves shafted out of the Squadron, and into that oft cursed organization called Air Base Group. This song is for them to sing to their former friends

(Tune- Save a Fighter Pilots Ass)

Pilots, gentle Pilots, pilots one and all
Fly boys, flashy Fly boys, please listen to our call
Buzz boys, busy Buzz boys, this is all we ask
Thake those Goddamn Sabre Jets and shove them up your ass

Chorus: Sing Halleluia, Sing Halleluia
Stick you finger up your ass, join the fighter pilot class
Sing Halleluia, Sing Halleluia
Stick your finger up your ass and flap your wings

Who feeds the sons of bitches and clothes their scrawny backs
Who guards their goddamn airplanes and heats their fucking shacks
Who gives them light and water, not Kimpo Power and Gass
If they don't like the service they can blow it out their ass

TDY to Tsuiki, went to the Sabre Dance'
Saw a Sukoshi pilot get in a Josans pants
It cost him thirty dollars for just a little feel
Along came an Air Base Group man who got it for a steal

Jet Jocks are the hot shots, we'll tell you one and all
And when it comes to shooting, they're really on the ball
They had a little contest of prove who was the first
But when the score was counted they ended up the worst

You see these flashy Jet Boys climb from their shiny hacks
With moon suits and silly jock straps a hanging from their backs
They sing the praise of Sammy Small with wild and wide acclaim
Just Fighter Pilots--Pilots, without a fucking brain

They spin their yarns of Air Way, by pilots brave and fair
Eighty percent is bull-shit, and twenty more is air
We hear that they're by far the best and that we'd better believe
But where in the Hell would the fly boys be
If the Air Base Group should leave

The squawk box screams of flak holes and tanks all out of gas
Of takusan MIG's and bandits a playing on their ass
They get their bloomin balls shot off but still they brag of it
With one accord we'll tell the world, they can't fly for shit

THE END

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Out of the Blue: The story of Oscar Brand's AF albums.

by John Starr

Mom loved to sing, and she could easily be goaded into breezing through any one of a number of bawdy old airmen's ballads she'd come to know in her Air Force nursing days. In familiar company, it would take only a nudge to send her into a complete rendition of, say, "O'Leary's Bar." Other times she'd get halfway through a more colorful ditty before sputtering to an embarrassed halt, saying, "Well, I don't think I should finish that one in mixed company -- but your father would have. And he'd have the whole room singing along."

Dad was a retired Air Force Lieutenant Colonel who, much to the consternation of his parents, had dropped out of Harvard after 18 months to answer the call of the Korean war.

Somehow, he finagled his way into officer candidate school and pilot training where he earned his bars and wings. During his first combat assignment flying F-86s in post-war Korea, he developed a passion for bawdy airmen's songs.

At the officers' club he'd sing enthusiastically, often dragging gaggles of fellow airmen into joyous, drunken choruses. And every time he heard a new one he'd write it down.

Fighter pilots singing at the pilot's lounge, K-14, Kimpo air base, South Korea, 1954.
Author's father second from left, catching flies.

Ultimately, he amassed hundreds of songs, compiling them in a notebook he called the Fighter Pilot's Hymn Book.

One day, while paging through a songbook by folk singer Oscar Brand, he was struck by Brand's suggestion that the Air Force was too young to have engendered much of a song bag. The book offered some traditional Army, Navy, and Marine ditties but only one Air Force song, and that one was adapted from an old Army tune. Dad wasn't about to let this misconception go unanswered.

He fired off a letter. "Are you interested in Air Force songs?" he asked. "I am," Brand answered. Brand was unprepared for what soon followed: Dad unloaded his entire collection of 238 songs on him. Singing over the phone, he even supplied Brand with one song's unfamiliar melody.

Brand welcomed the deluge; it was the largest single collection of such songs he had ever seen. But it would not be the last word from the "unsung" fliers of the Air Force. Similarly spurred by Brand's suggestion that the Air Force song bag was young and thin,

hundreds of aviators began sending Brand letters, fattening the song bag with favorites of their own.

Eager to record some of the songs, Brand ran the material by Elektra Records producer Jac Holzman, who quickly gave him a green light for the project. When Brand asked Holzman if he should launder the more ribald lyrics, Holzman boldly declined, saying: "Let's make it honest."

"The Wild Blue Yonder, Oscar Brand with the Roger Wilco Four" debuted in the spring of 1959. It received one of its hottest receptions from my grandmother, who, in a fit of disgust, purportedly scratched one of the more suggestive songs clean off the face of the album.

Not having been born until some years later, I can't attest to the record's popularity among airmen of the day. Certainly I grew up listening to it. But I've always assumed that it turned only in my household, where my father would put it on for some old Air Force buddy and my mother would sometimes object, "Honey, please, not that one. At least wait until the kids go to sleep."

But we kids never really knew what the songs were about. In fact, with lyrics such as "I wanted wings 'til I got the goddamned things, now I don't want them anymore" and "Throw a nickel on the grass, save a fighter pilot's ass," we often found them confusing.

What was obvious to us was merely the unique air of merriment that seemed to prevail. Had the songs been sanitized, patriotic overtures layered in sentiment, we would have seen right through them. These were barracks songs for men who knew their next day could be their last.

Growing up during my father's second career as a banker, I held the album in special regard. Even before I was a teenager I listened to it, often trying to picture my father as a rowdy jet jockey belting out such colorful laments, sometimes wondering which track my grandmother had obliterated, other times pouring over the write-up Brand gave Dad on the album's back cover.

In time, however, my interest waned. I discovered rock 'n roll, high school, and girls. Shortly thereafter cancer claimed my father, and with his passing I again became interested in the album. But by then it was gone, somehow lost, probably sold at a garage sale.

Operating on a tip that my grandmother had long since come around and was actually quite proud of Dad's involvement in the record's genesis, I dropped her a line.

She couldn't find her copy either but thought she could find Oscar Brand; maybe he would have one. Sure enough, on my next visit, she presented me with a copy of The Wild Blue Yonder, signed by Brand. She was quick to warn me of its scarcity, quoting Brand as saying, "Here it is. Now you have one and I have one."

I cherished the record. Yet it wasn't until years later that I found stuffed inside the jacket a misplaced lyrics booklet that belonged to a second Air Force album Brand had recorded, entitled *Out of the Blue: More Air Force Songs* by Oscar Brand.

Debuting about a year after its predecessor, this album, which I had somehow overlooked all these years, contained not only some of the raunchiest of the ballads from Dad's collection but also a song Dad himself had authored.

Judging by the lyrics, I could see it was an unremarkable song. It wasn't even risqué. But it was inspired by an in-flight refueling incident that had nearly cost him his airplane and his life. I had to find the second album.

Mom couldn't find her copy, nor could grandmother. I even called Brand. He had one worn copy and couldn't advise me on where to find another.

So I started haunting used record stores in Hollywood, where young clerks -- many of them struggling musicians, pierced, dyed, and tattooed like mutant butterflies -- would look at me as if I had just rolled off a park bench when I explained the nature of the album I sought ("a military album?"). They suggested I try thrift stores and garage sales. I did, but to no avail.

One day, while driving through a part of town new to me, I spied a used record store. I dropped in and was floored by the spectacle of thousands of records strewn everywhere, with thousands more stacked to the ceiling on mammoth wooden shelves.

"Is there some order to all this?" I asked a man crouched on the floor, flipping through a pile of classical albums. "Yes indeed," he said. "What are you looking for?"

"Could you point me toward your folk music, um, area?"

"What artist?" he asked. I pondered the odds for a moment. "I'm looking for some albums by a fellow named Oscar Brand."

He raised his hand and snapped his fingers like a maitre d'. "Mike," he called, "show this young man Oscar Brand."

An elderly man shuffled from around a corner and led me through a labyrinth of dusty catacombs, packed wall to wall with ancient vinyl. Almost without looking, he came to a stop, reached into a ream of shelved albums, and came out with a stack of records three inches thick. I'll be damned if each and every one weren't first-issue Oscar Brand albums.

There were several volumes of the *Bawdy Back Room Ballads* series, a few of the *Army, Navy, and Marine* compilations, one copy of *The Wild Blue Yonder*, and one copy of *Out of the Blue*, the latter two in excellent condition, complete with lyrics booklets.

Not wanting to orphan one album, I decided to buy both. "I'll be wanting these two," I said. "How much?"

"That'll be \$35 apiece," the old man said. It suddenly occurred to me that I should have put on a poker face long before I got to this point. I completed the transaction and headed toward the door. "Hey," he called out, a smug look on his face. "You should have aggled. They're collector's items, but I might have come down to \$20 apiece."

"Yes, but the loss is yours," I said. "I would have gladly paid \$100 for each." ***